FAITH'S MESSAGER

Out in the stormy night With not a star in sight, And moaning winds that wander wearily. Rocked in his leafy nest, And vexed and sore distressed, A little lonely bird pipes drearily.

And I within my room, Who know that morn has come In pitying love would say, "Oh, little bird,
The night would have no chill, The rain thou wouldst not feel No moaning wind, if thou couldst heed my

"For close again thy tree. That seems so dark to thee, Even now the rising sun has flashed his gold; And in a moment more Exultant thou wilt soar, And cleave the upper skies with pinions bold."

And thou, oh fainting heart. That shrink'st when winds upstart, And canst not rest is sorrow's bitter night If thou couldst only hear Faith's message in thine ear, And calmly wait until the morning light!

For morn will surely come; Even now the shades of gloom In her soft light are fading fast away. Tis but a moment more, And, free, thy soul shall soar, And speed on tireless wing to endless day

The Secret of the Chateau.

It was in the days of the French Revolution, when the reign of the churches and stopped every outward religious form, and when the Reign of Terror was at its height in the land. The little town of Verreville, in the south of France, lay all wrapped in a glory of evening sunshine that wrought rare magic among the dingy houses and in the drowsy streets and alleys. Now it played golden jokes with the fountain that danced in a broken basin in the little square; now it clothed with a new, wonderous, picturesque charm the gable of yonder old decaying mansion; now it glided into a small gloomy back court, and turned it into a fairy's grotto | no more in it than an empty milk pail." by changing every pane of glass in the tiny windows round it into a living

Up the principal streets of the town came lumbering a cart bearing a sad burden. It was a coffin, over which was spread a coarse, shabby black mantle by way of pall. At each side of ming over patiently at her side. the heavy cart horse which drew the vehicle walked a dark-robed figure-a man and a woman. Slowly the little funeral party advanced over the rough pavement, that made the wheels of the cart jolt noisily, and with no reverent sound of woe. Slowly on they came through the river of sunlight; and as just the same grin as usual on his broad they went, two or three women, loiter- face; he can't get rid of it even at a had a touch of sorrow in them, and made their comments, as they gazed, in low tones.

"Ah, poor young lady!" said the oldest of the group. "She's the last of them- the very last. I recollect the coming home of her mother, Madame la Comtesse, as a bride, and all the train of lackeys in gold lace, and the prancing of the six gray horses and the cheering of the crowd as she threw silver pieces meaning than the last, "They are among them like rain in Autumn. And now to think that this should be that the count is in prison and the the funeral of her daughter! I have seen strange changes in the land since I was your age, Babette, my child."

Babette tossed her head and the red handkerchief upon it a little disdainfully, as if her modern lights showed her things which were more worthy of note than anything which the old woman's memory could call up out of the past.

"What good were they in the land, those aristocrats?" she cried. "They were of no more use than the statues in the garden of the old chateau, where we poor folks can wander now with our babies or our sweethearts at our will."

"But the young countess was of a different pattern from those who went before her," here put in a third woman. "When my husband lay sick with the fever, and everybody fled from our cettage on account of infection, she livery coats of the count's footmen was like a bright bit of money that we can spend to buy chocolate and sugar, and all sorts of good things that will rejoice our husband's and children's hearts."

prison at Toulon, and she was quickly enough to have followed him there, I prison ends in for aristocrats in these days we all know better than we used to know our paternosters in the times when it was the fashion to say them.".

"Her death seems to have been a sud- ments. den and rather strange one," said the old woman who had first spoken.

"Yes," replied the elder woman; "it posite our cottage."

"They say she fell down in a fit as she was standing before her dressing- "It is strange that Fifine de Fouv-

idly, as though she feared Babetta might be beforehand with hers.

"That is often the way these aristocrats go out of the world, if they are left to die a natural death," exclaimed Babette, dipping her hand into the fountain and tossing some drops of water sons and daughters of the people form empty-handed to his liege lady, who about contemptously, as if they were close bonds of intimacy and affection would be certain to lay the whole blame drops of aristocrat blood. "They eat | with an aristocrat," said the younger | for the failure of their enterprise on his and drink and sleep so much that their man, who was none other than Babette's shoulders, and to make it no light brains and bodies get dull and heavy, and they just fall down and die for very weariness of life."

the rich plate and jewels that belong to the family?" said Rose, the eldest of the women.

"Oh, M. le Mayor will soon find out that," cried Babette. "He will be in the chateau, depend upon it, by to-morrow morning or before, and he'll look into everything, and make good use of it, too. He's a man that knows what he's about, and who has no false fine feeling about the aristocrats. Very likely he'll distribute some of the plunder of the chateau among us poor folk.'

"Fifine looks grave and sad enough as she walks by her dead mistress's Goddess of Liberty had closed all the body," remarked the other elder

> "No wonder, poor girl," answered Rose; "they were brought up together, and loved each other more like sisters than like mistress and servant."

> "But for all her sad looks I would wager my silver earrings against your cat's necklace, Rose, that she is thinking more of her lover Maurice than of the dead. It's a beautiful arrangement for her, in faith, to have him for her companion in a business like this. Ah she's a sly one, for all her demure ways, and her smooth face, that seems to have Babette made a little expressive wink, which might imply more or less according to the fancy of her companions, as she spoke these last words.

"They will marry very soon now, I should think," said old Rose, taking up her pitcher, which had been long brim

"Oh, I won't say that it will ever come to a marriage, after all," exclaimed Babette, with such a toss this time that the folds of the red handkerchief got loose and fluttered in the breeze. "Does he look like a bridegroom as he strides along there, with would give an old tin kettle for ?"

"Well, it's strangest of all that they should bury her in this way, if, as you sorts left in the chateau still," said the father in his office. younger of the two old women.

"Ah! M'lle Fifine and M. Maurice know more about that matter, I suspect, than any one else," rejoined Babette, with a wink, yet more saturated with master and mistress at the chateau now countess is dead; and they are making Pierre, and be quick about it. I have the most of their time, as the birds do told you all the receptacles where money in the vineyards before the vintage begins."

After that the group round the fountain broke up, and the women dispersed not exactly have liked any of her friends

"As sure as the countess' diamonds please, come with me." are real, and not glass "-this was the way in which her reflections ended-'Pierre shall try his luck to-night. I don't see why Babette and Pierre should not be the fortunate pair, as well as Fifine and Maurice."

Meanwhile the young man and the girl, of whom their neighbors' mouths further ceremony through the door and minds had just, all unconsciously which she had opened. to their two selves, been so full, had came to visit us, and stood by his bed reached the church for the completion and his heart beating in unison, the age to look further into the matter. often and felt his pulse better than the of their sad errand. No religious cere- moonlight as it stole through the long, The old church was now completely doctor, and sent him strengthening monies of any kind were permitted at narrow windows of the old house, play- deserted; religious services had, it is food and medicine. She was no more this time in France. But still the ser- ing strange, uncanny games with him true, begun again to be publicly perlike her grandmother, who used, when vants of the young Comtesse de Florion, as he went. Now a dark, gigantic fig- formed in the land, but in Verreville I was a child, to go rolling along in perhaps recollecting that in her life she her coach, all one piece of silk and pride, had scarcely clung to the rites of her than one of the glittering buttons on the church, were going to lay her remains in hallowed ground, and a portion of the themselves into a long black procession the church and inside the building had fully held breath, and feet that scarce been raised to allow of the body being dared tread, he passed near the corridor placed beneath it. The family vault of where he knew, from Babette, that the de Florion had escaped, in some way "Well, anyhow, if she had not died the De Florions was far away in a disnow she soon would," said Babette, tunt large town; but, as the troublous relief he heard no sound there. The decidedly. "Her husband is in the times forbade the countess' remains family portraits as he passed them in being transported thither, her servant the long gallery, came to life, now and know on good authority; and what a de Fouviere, had chosen the interior of at him; the wind whispered something had made no objection to this arrange-

"Maurice will do all the rest," said

spoke afterward," said the other old more evident in outward signs," said it had vanished like gems seen in a most certainly, light shining through dame, pouring out her information rap- the elder of the men to his companion, dream. He discovered the strong iron its windows. Pierre's immediate imas they withdrew from the church in box where the count usually kept his pulse was sudden flight, but Babette, obedience to the girl's words. "I had money in large sums, for in those days it still true to her colors as a philosophic expected to see her drowned in tears." was not so easy to send to bank for sup- free thinker, declared her intention of of warm milk as a remedial agent in

> between them before the lady died. It was open and had not a sou in it. is always so, sooner or later, when we It was terrible to have to return loudest.

"Well, I don't know," rejoined the girl's face and manner puzzle me more than the change of the wind."

And the face of Fifine de Fouvriere ing of as she stood there by the grave. She was a remarkably pretty brunette, whose features were, generally, all sparking with animated thought and feeling play from the dark eyes to the rosebud thought. Looking at that fair face was, phatically and eloquently in some musical foreign language that we do not understand.

"Maurice," said the girl, sharply, to her companion, as soon as they were left alone, "where are your brains gone? Who ever saw any one at a funeral know that I shall ever forgive you."

"But ma charmante," began Maurice, whose countenance still certainly did not seem to correspond to his solemn task.

"Maurice." interrupted Fifine, "have done with your pretty words and speeches; there is a time for them, I dare say, but it's certainly not now. You just mind what you are about, and don't make such a fool of yourself again."

It was the night after the young countess' funeral; a full, round, silver moon was looking down upon the old Florion chateau, which stood on a rising with their pitchers near the foun- funeral, the blockhead? Does he look ing ground at about a mile from Verretain, watched them with eyes which like a bridegroom that any sensible girl ville. The house was sunk in deep repose; it had few inmates now, only the servants, among whom where Fifine and Maurice, the old steward's son who say, there's money and riches of all had lately come home to help his aged

In the shadow of the wall two figures stood whispering together. "This is the door which the key will open," said a woman's voice. "I have kept it ever since I was in service here; they thought it was lost; I have always fancied it might come useful some day, and now the time has come. Go in at once, and jewels and plate are kept. You can't make a mistake."

with me? We should do it all the quicker, in different directions. As she went two of us together, and it's always so Babette had her own special train of much pleasanter a night to have comthought, into which she probably would pany in an old house like this. They say it's haunted, and there was a death here so lately. Oh! sweet Babette, do,

"May I be stewed in a pot-au-feu first," answered that young lady, very forcibly and laconically. "You go along, Pierre, and look sharp, and don't be such a mixture of mule and a milksop. I shall stay here and watch." So saying, she pushed her true knight without

now a pale hand beckoned to him in a moonbeam, now the shadows formed servants' rooms lay; but to his joy and | that had never been explained, from his | ing for a party of ghosts. But the success. into the place prepared for it, turning to | valuables in the chateau, he got nothing the two men who had been helping them | for his pains. He ransacked the pantry,

table arranging her hair, and never riere's grief at her mistress' loss is not | ments for the casket of diamonds, but | both of them perceived that there was, "There must have been some coolness plies; but though the box was there it clearing up once for all the mystery, certain diseases. The Christian at

lover, Pierre, and who, as in duty bound, burden too; still such a fate was better held the same Red Republican opinions than risking meeting the ghosts any as his future most emphatically better longer. With flying steps he sped along "I wonder what is to become of all half; though, if truth must be told, he the corridor which he had to traverse was often in a very hazy state about before he reached the narrow staircase them, even when he expressed them the at the bottom of which was the door where Babette waited for him. But why was it that, before he had passed half old man, thoughfully. "I can't say through the passage, which was lit by what may be the cause of it, but that several windows through which the moonbeams fell, he prised with a start and a shiver?

A little way fartaer on, in front of certainly was a face that any man might | him, it seemed to him that he saw a have found it difficult to read the mean- figure. A desperate hope that this shape would melt into nothing, like all the other apparitions which had hitherto haunted him to-night; a feeling that, at any cost, he must pass it to reach his | than Pierre's fear; having heard Babette | was gone; in three weeks he became a which went flashing in swift, brilliant longed-for goal, the outside of the house try out as she fainted, he came to her hale, hearty man; and now nothing —these things prompted the luckless help though she was lying in the very mouth. But to-day the whole face was | Pierre to hasten onward once more. | gleam of the mysterious light. When faith in hot milk. A writer has also stamped with one fixed, settled expres- But when he drew nearer to the form it she came to herself in the house whither sion, wich might be interpreted in its | was still there, visible in terrible reality | he had borne her Babette was so far gravity and intensity to mean sor- in a patch of moonlight. A few steps touched by his devotion that she promrow, or anxiety, or deep, troubled further, and Pierre threw his arms ised to become his wife the next morn- every one of which its great value was above his head with a low cry; there, ing, and kept her word. On the very apparent. It checks diarrhoea, and to-day, like listening to a story told em- not many paces from him, stood a female figure, which exactly resembled the dead Comtesse de Florion, whose funeral he had seen go by but a few hours ago.

How he passed the phantom Pierre could never afterwards tell. The next thing which he could remember, when with a face like yours? You'll have in future days he thought over the set the whole town talking. I don't matter, was standing in the cool night servants Maurice and Fifine, cleared up. air and the moonlight, blubbering in a It was then publicly known that the most hearty and open fashion, with Babette pouring upon him from her fair lips what was not exactly a shower of family had been buried, instead of her roses, such as should meet a returning body, in the old church at Verreville. hero. She rejected with scorn, like the The fact of the countess being regarded advanced freethinker that she was, his as dead had, moreover, enabled her to story about the countess' ghost, and carry out with greater safety a scheme called the whole thing the produce of his

> Next morning the Mayor of Verre, ville made a legal inspection of the chateau, to secure for the Government, as he said, but in reality for himselffor he had no absolute right for such a proceeding—any valuables he might tion of Fifine. find there. He was, however, no morefortunate than poor Pierre had been he did not find a single object of value or a single gold coin in the chateau. His worship flew into a rage, and insisted on having the servants and the servants' rooms searched, but with no success. Fifine, Maurice and their companions submitted quite calmly to the indignity, though the mayor had more than once a shrewd and unpleasant suspicion that he heard something like a suppressed titter behind him; but when he looked back he only saw him with respectful gravity. The whole of it, singular, for it was well-known jewelry in the chateau, and that the count, before his arrest and removal to of the way. the prison at Toulon, had collected a considerable sum of money preparatory to the trying with his wife to make their escape from France.

folks of Verreville began to be disbuilding at midnight had seen a mysterious light gleaming through the windows; but hitherto those who told On went Pierre, his teeth chattering the tale had none of them had the courure seemed lurking in yonder corner, they were at this period carried on in a dlestick without "wobbling" or necespretty new chapel which had been nearly built before the troublous days began, and lately finished. Thus the pavement beneath the southern wall of which came to meet him. With care- old church had become a place well fitted for ghosts to frequent.

We must mention here that the Count

close by, and then boldly advanced herself toward one of the church windows, and looked in.

met her view it was so strange and utterly unaccounable that she rubbed her eyes, thinking she must be under some saw was, shortly, this, and it was little wonder that she was bewildered with countess' grave open, and at the side of it stood Fifine, the farmer's wife, with a great glittering mass of some- is the following: thing which looked like a heap of gold and silver and jewels lying at her feet. Babette's rationalistic principle forsook | have tried it, I should think, fifty times. her most treacherously, and melted I have also given it to a dying man who the ground. Pierre's love was stronger like a charm. In two days his diarrhoza morning after Babette's vision Fifine

political changes in France allowed of the return of the Florion family to their native land, was the whole strange story with regard to them and their young countess was not dead, and that money and the plate and jewels of the for her husband's escape. When things had grown a little quieter in France, Maurice and Fifine had disinterred the buried treasure and conveyed it to their master and mistress in England. The whole had been invented and carried out by the courage and wit and devo-

For the Fair Sex.

A PUNGENT RADISH. - A radish of tapering red silk, with green tuft at the bulbous end is an emery-cushion in disguise, a dainty trifle for a lady's workbasket.

PERAMBULATOR ROBE, -A sensible robe for mild spring weather, to be tucked into a perambulator, is made of two thicknesses of blue "eider-down" cloth; the tufted surface of both squares M'lle Fifine and M. Maurice following placed outside, and the edges joined by rows of machine stitching. This inbusiness was certainly, to say the least fantile "buffalo robe" should be added to the usual printed or woven carriage "Must I go alone? Won't you come that there was a deal of rich plate and coverings to keep out the keen spring winds which lurk even on the sunny side

OLD TINTS IN MERINOS .-- Quaker gray, dove and cloud gray merinos are combined with velvet to make street toilets for spring. A pleated flounce on It was some few months after the the bottom of the skirt, trimmed with events just narrated that the good velvet bands, which also form the trimming of the draperies, corsage and cuffs, turbed by stories which went floating makes a very elegant costume. Handabout in the town concerning the run Andalusian lace with figures as church being haunted. It was said heavy as those of embroidery is the that people who had passed the old fashionable garniture for black Ottoman silk dresses.

A SPIRAL TAPER. - Amber wax candles moulded in deep spiral curves have appeared in the shop windows. This shape is to keep the wax from guttering down the sides irregularly as the candle is consumed. The lower ends of the candles are sensibly cut away in grooves so that they can fit into an ordinary cansitating bands of paper. Besides amber, other pretty colored tapers are old blue and framboise pink.

PIANO BENCHES .- The piano stool,

which like the Mauritian dodo still lingers in out-of-the-way corners of the world will soon become an extinct prison at Toulon, the very day after his species. Though not of Celestial origin wife's funeral, and had made his home, | it too "must go," that is, the convenit was said, since then in England. As | tional and most uncomfortable round and foster sister and companion, Fifine then, in a ray of moonshine, and glared for Fifine and Maurice, they had married stool which swing round and round and soon after their mistress' death, and round, with occasional danger of spin-Verreville church as their resting-place. mysterious and startling to him through were now living on a little farm which ning off into space. They are replaced house, and Mrs. Carlyle intends to put As long as no religious rites were used, every keyhole; the rows of chairs in they had taken near the town, and by piano chair or benches. A low broad it in the care of some one by whom it the civil authorities of the little town the rooms looked as if they were wait- which they cultivated with care and bench is covered with richly stamped leather of a dull crushed raspberry or worst of all was that, carefully as he But to return to the mysterious light copper color, embossed with flecks of had been schooled beforehand by Bab- in the old church. One night Babette old silver or gold. A longer mahogany Fifine, when the coffin had been lowered ette as to the whereabouts of all the and Pierre, who were still plighted bench, with carved back, is shaped to lovers, though the extreme contempt of accommodate duet-players. These can the maiden for her adorer had hitherto match either the piano case or the wood President Gonzalez, in his message, ing the foot-path through the field op- in their mournful work. "I should like which he had expected to find full of prevented the final knot being tied, of the furniture of the music room. will urge the greatest economy in the my poor mistress' own faithful servant plate, but found nothing better than a were coming back from a friend's house, Cabinet makers are furnishing piano to perform the very last offices for her." pewter spoon. He sought hither and where they had spent the evening. chairs with tall legs, upholstered to match granting of further subventions to ther in the dead countess' apart- When they reached the old church, the parlor or music-room furniture.

Warm Milk as a Health Restorer.

Considerable has been lately said in medical journals concerning the value She made the trembling Pierre wait | Work, referring to an interesting article on this subject which lately appeared in the London Milk Journal, states on the authority of Dr. Benjamin Clarke, As Babette gazed at the sight which that in the East Indies warm milk is used to a great extent as a specific for diarrhœa. A pint every four hours will check the most violent diarrhea, optical illusion, but when she looked stomachache, incipient cholera and again it was all still there. What she dysentery. The milk should never be boiled, but only heated sufficiently to be agreeably warm, not too hot to drink. wildest astonishment: She beheld the Milk which has been boiled is unfit for use. This writer gives several instances in arresting the disease, among which

The writer says: "It has never failed in curing in six or twelve hours, and I away like morning mist; the notion had been subject to dysentery eight suddenly flashed across her that Fifine | months, latterly accompanied by one was a witch, and she sank insensible to | continued diarrhoa, and it acted on him that may hereafter occur will shake his communicated to the Medical Times and Gazette a statement of the value of milk in twenty-six cases of typhoid fever, in nourishes and cools the body. People and Maurice disappeared from their suffering from disease need food quite farm in a sudden and mysterious man- as much as those in health, and much more so in certain diseases where there Not until many years after, when is a rapid waste of the system. Frequently all ordinary food, in certain diseases, is rejected by the stomach, and even bathed by the patient, but nature, ever beneficent, has furnished food that in all diseases is beneficial-some directly curative. Such food is milk." The writer in the journal last quoted, Dr. Alexander Yale, after giving particular observations upon the point above mentioned, its action in checking diarrhea, its nourishing properties, and its action in soothing the body, says: We believe that milk nourishes in fever, promotes sleep, wards off delirium, soothes the intestines, and, in fine, is the sine qua non in typhoid fever."

We have lately tested the value of milk in scarlet fever, and learn that it is now recommended by the medical faculty in all cases of this very often distressing children's disease. Give all the milk the patient will take, even during the period of greatest fever. It keeps'up the strengthof the patient, acts well upon the stomach, and is in this way a blessed thing in this sickness.

The Field of Science.

A new electric insulator is made of wood, sawdust, cotton rags, papier mache and other fibrous substances.

Aniline dyes are now made fast in cloth by sending a current of electricity through it from one plate to the other, the two plates being connected to the two poles of a voltaic battery.

M. Hartig estimates the specific volume of green wood constituents as follows: Hard green wood, fibre stuff, 441; water, 247; air, 312. Soft green wood, fibre stuff, 270; water, 355, and

If M. Risler has made correct observations, the wheat plant never grows upon any day when the temperature of the air does not for a period of several hours at least rise above 43° Fahren-

The New York Times says that there is one thing to be said about the incandescent electric light with all its drawbacks. It neither vitiates the air nor gives the high and often unbearable temperature of gas.

Town sewage does not, according to competent authority, affect iron pipes with lead joints so much as ordinary water. The greasy matter appears to form a coating on the inside of the pipes giving the needed protection.

The Lesseps plan for the inland sea in Algeria is to cut a canal between Gabes and Biskra, the chief centres of North African trade, connecting several "chotts," the first of which is asserted to be at least fourteen times as large as the Lake of Geneva.

The birthplace of Thomas Carlyle, at Ecclefechan, in Scotland, has been purchased by his niece, Mrs. Alexander Aitken Carlyle, who will take steps for permanent preservation of the edifice. Many persons have of late visited the can be properly shown to visitors. The house is known in Ecclefechan as "the arched house."

The Mexican Congress will meet in the City of Mexico. It is said that