By thine own soul's law learn to live, And if men thwart thee take no heed, And if men hate thee have no care Sing thou thy song and do thy deed, Hope thou thy hope and pray thy prayer And claim no crown they will not give, Nor bays they grudge thee for thy hair.

Keep thou thy seul-sworn steadfast oath, And to thy heart be true thy heart : What thy soul teaches learn to know, And play out thine appointed part; And thou shalt reap as thou shalt sow Nor helped nor hindered in thy growth, To thy full stature thou shalt grow.

Fix on the future's goal thy face, And let thy feet be lured to stray Now hither, but be swift to run, And nowhere tarry by the way, Until at last the end is won, And thou may'st look back from thy place And see thy long day's journey done.

A STRANGE STORY.

"Jack!" "Well?" "That is a pretty fittle island down off Hamish,' "Y-e-s." "Just the spot to while away a few days this abominable weather." "Y-e-s, but you see I have to go to Hale.

"The-" It was abominable weather; it was an effort to me to drawl the despite it; she grew to me oddily-the words, but Penraven was crisp enough. "I-I beg your pardon," he broke off Grant, if such a thing might be. abruptly; "the fact is, I am disappointed, Jack. How long will it take you to go to Hale and back?"

I was not in a laughing mood, but, despite me a laugh broke from my lips. That depends, I'een—that depends. It is easy enough to go to Hale, but the It was so plain. I laughed gleefully as getitng back-rather the way I may come back-is what troubles me just up the quay. Pen was in love with the now. But you can judge Penraven,"

him. "My dear Jack-Mabel Grant is again at Hale. For the last time I beg you to go and call on her. You are not obliged to make love to her though if you only could-Jack, Jack, think of a steady million and a girl like Mabel Grant!

"By the way, I hear she caught a glimpse of you at Hamish, and went mad in love with you. Oh, Jack-Jack! But this is the last, the very last, from your still hopeful sister, RAY." He read, it he dropped it, and he sat

and looked and looked at me. "I suppose I am in for it, Pen. If I really believed this note the last of Ray. I would not take a step to Hale. But I know it is one simply of a series I have received regularly for a month past, I will receive to-morrow, for ever, so long as Mabel Grant is a single in a most disordered state of toilet at the words upon my lips : fall in love with me-"

make me start and stare in my hardest

"Why, what on earth is the matter

way he interrupted me: But it was quite too much for me-the

thought of you marrying Mabel Grant. | mine. "And why?" Such a fellow as you to marry Ma-

bel Grant.' "And why? You know her? What on earth are you driving at? I could

"Why? You do not know her, that ers. is evident. I will cast you her photograph. A girl—a blonde they call her -yes, a decided blonde, for her eyes are the palest of china blue, bulging saucers on the grandest scale; her hair flaxy frizzly, almost the tint of her skin, where the thick sown freckles will let it show. Add to this her nose, midway 'twixt point and pug, her thick waist, her lengthy fingers-but surely Jack, it over this business, and go with me to ingly walked along beside her.

I regarded him a moment, silent. He was a disappointed boy, I knew; I knew to what lengths such a thing back to me-a laugh which the fair, might drive him-to what a length! The words flashed back to me, and I on Dick Penraven's face forbade a doubt; I did not doubt though oddily, that same moment I made up my mind. "No I shall go down to Hale," I said.

"After this?" "Yes. To satisfy Ray and have it over. Of course I shall not love her, Pen. But good bye; I'm off at once. Yes, but Jack-

I laughed again: Dick Penraven's protesting voice was lost in the hearty peals brought of his description as I walked away. "If you only could?" They came again as Ray's words flashed back: altogether there was truth in it, I thought.

I was beginning to take a strange enterest in Mabel Grant. It had been my year long desire to fall in love unof the thing. Until this I had resisted the many crafty machinations of my more practically-minded sister, until this, secretly unto my odd hope, I had resisted womankind. And-1 had not Tallen in love; I was twenty-eight years | stare from him to her. A long minute, old next birthday, and I was not yet in silently, till-a fresh vision rose beside to take a strange interest in this girl- that girl of yesterday smiling down at a sudden fascinating desire to see her me which I had never felt to see a girl before. Could it be I was to fall in love with her? The question came to care, I say." me as I left the cars at the little station, and walked on to Mabel Grant. With It—the picture. It was not a pleasant one, but fate was fate, and stranger things had chanced. I did not laugh again: I could not help a very shudder as I stepped upon the pretty vine-clad porch at Hale, and rang my entrance to

"Miss Grant?"

45 Yes. "? I had a fancy I would find Dick at Islet, so I took the night-boat thither. I must find him, at all events; some way speedily I must be revenged or living thing of madness from which I him for the grim trick he had played, could not be moved. and—other things. For that was a pretty, dark eyed girl who had come down to me that day at Hale to be stared at as my astonished eyes had

mever stared at girl before. "Yes: and you, I presume, are Mrs. fact to thwart me. That same day I country about \$5,000,000 annually. "Miss Grant?"

meet you, Mr. Dare."

A pretty girl, but I did not fall in love with her after that first moment Worse, I scarce heard what shesaid; I barely looked at her; as quickly as decency would permit I went away. I had but one set of sensations as I walked back to the train; odd thingsgrowing grief, bitterness for the loss of sum total of that unpleasing picture at as it were, it moved a passion in my soul which made me mad for it.

A thought quickly joined theretothe thought of Dick Penraven. It was his joke; to this state he had brought me; in some way I must be revenged on him.

How? It was a little sail to Islet, but every moment I sat and pondered the momentous questions, and, for all my abstraction, casting frequent glances at the fair girl sitting near me, seemingly, like me, lost in dreams. She interested me, more each moment—a beautiful Mabel

There had come no pain to me, no light, till, with the sharp grating of the boat in the dock at Islet, two words flashed to tell me all, to give me all the maddest man could ask to thwart a foe. I followed my beautiful Mabel Grant pretty girl; through fear, through jeal-I pulled the odlous scrap of paper ousy; to dissuade me from seeking her, from my pocket, and tossed it over to he had invented his little tale. It was no wonder in my mood. I laughed under the sudden delighted fancy that I could make the pretty girl in love with me. I could do it, I would; I would go back and spare no time, no pains, till I had revenged myself on Dick Penraven and made Mabel Grant

It was a little matter to be a fool upon what I was till now an unstirred soul. The bells of Islet were striking ten as involuntarily I turned upon the wharf. I would go immediately back to town, to Hale, the first thing on the morrow, but, unfortunately, the route from Islet left me out in its provisions little inn on the crest above.

Light brought no calmer mood. Early I was astir, and rushed down the cliff woman. And now she has seen fit to the warning whistle of a boat, which left even earlier than I thought. But him so! It was in your soul to say it-That other word burst suddenly from | chanced that, darting round it, I came Dick Penraven's lips with a force to upon a white-robed creature with such force as to dash the flowers she had been plucking out of her hands. I knew her at a glance; it was-my beautiful Mabel with you, Paul? You are little like the Grant. But that fantasy I had quite The old fellow, I should say Jack. brought me to a frowning standstill. She raised her soft, pretty eyes to

> "I am sorry you have lost your boat." The voice was like them; it shamed

me down at once. "O, not at all, not at all-isn't of the | married Mabel Grant if you had chosen, slightest consequence," I stammered, only jerk the words and stare at him. starting eagerly for the scattered flow-

"You live about Islet miss," ture only smiled.

"We took a cottage here only yester-I am out early, perhaps, you think; but I am on my way to meet Cousin Nell, who comes down by the first boat this morning."

"Oh!-" I scarcely know what I answered; there was a strange feeling is enough. I should dislike to see you coming over me as I placed the last the husband of such a girl. Come give flower in her pretty hand, and unthink-

'Bulging saucers, flaxy frizzly-There was a laugh in my heart at the unpleasing picture suddenly floating sweet face beside me kept back from my lips. And then-I do not know laughed. Yet the serious earnest look how it was all a mystery, a wonder, as we walked along, breaking by degrees from the beaten path as this or that bright flower won her, while I looked into her eyes and thought only how beautiful they were; to laugh again inwardly at the bulging saucers of my cherished myth-all, only, until suddenly we emerged again to see the boat at the dock, and a tall, boyish figure hurrying up the path to us.

"Dick!" It was a gasp more than a word; she turned not to him, but me, with a guilty, frightened air.

"I did not think," she went on faintit may be all very dreadful, for Dick is

It was a moment of amazement, of thinkingly, naturally, as was my notion flashing revelation, as a tall figure strode up closely, and a set angry face looked into mine.

"And, pray, may I ask what you are doing here with Mabel Grant?" I could make no answer, I could only love. But, aitogether, I was beginning me. I turned to see the dark eyes of

> "Mabel!" "Yes; but, Nellie cousin, I do not

"When a man resorts to such means "But I tell you I do not care. I love

him and I shall marry him all the same. I sat below the cliff at Islet hearing the talk of two above. Two weeks had passed, but I had not gone away; I had staid, employing every possible moment for the winning of the love of a girl. I loved so madly I could see no bar be-

It was a sweet, simple fact; I was in love at last with Mabel Grant. It mattered not that I saw that very moment where her heart was fixed, that she was so far removed from me as though she were dead. For there was this hard

Geoffrey Godley's brother. I have went to Hale Penraven had chanced heard a great deal of you from Mrs. upon her on the street, despite had Geoffrey, and-I am very happy to made a psssionate proposal, and had come down to Islet her accepted lover. But it mattered not; e'en the more eagerly I strove for the love of this girl of amazement, she was as other girls to I loved so madly, I could see no bar

between. I stopped at nothing. I was mean. I was contemptible, now I know; but I did not know it then or I did not care. Thiswas, at last, the little note I sent her:

"Her eyes the palest of china blue, Mabel Grant, wild longings for the sau-cer eyes, the flaxy, frizzly locks, the her hair flaxy-frizzly, almost the tint of her skin where the thick sown freckles which-fate and I had laughed. It will let it show. Add to this her nose, grew a fascination; for the first, myth midway 'twixt point and pug; her thick waist, her lengthy fingers, etc., Miss Grant. This is what your lover said of

you. It was a last desperate stroke, but surely it would touch her; no girl could stand words like these from man. So I exulted, never more madly than that moment. The coming day I sat beneath the cliff, to hear the sudden burst of voices just above me, to hear-my just punishment—that she had told him all; that she had believed his explanation, that she yet loved Dick Penraven.

"I shall marry him all the same." It was the end: the voices died and the passing steps. The end of Mabel Grant. What that meant for me, thought, as I sat a bit and shivered. As I rose wearily and followed, to wander through the glens of Islet, how long I know not, each moment more wearily, more desperately, till at last unconsciously nearing the little inn upon the crest, a faint voice broke in upon me:

"Mr. Dare!" I turned to see the pretty, dark-eyed girl who had so confused me the other

"I-I am so sorry," she went on, strangely; "I tried my best, but I could not help it. They have gone off to be married, Mr. Dacre." "Yes?" It was the one word I could

gasp; but, despite my pain, I could but stare at the working face. "Yes; and I tried so hard because I know you did not want it; because-because I knew you would feel so badly, though a man is a fool, Mr. Dare when

he-when he---' I look back often to wonder at that moment. It was certainly a very strange thing that I did; a man with an ache in his heart for one woman-one woman in the world. But here was a -there was no boat till morning, there girl unconsciously baring her heart to was naught but to walk back to the me, and it grew so suddenly sweet that some one on this earth loved me-this girl at my side so suddenly an essential; I could not for the life of me have staid

"When he knows someone else loves it chanced there was a curve, and it you know it was, Miss Grant. Would you be willing to-to forgive me, and to-marry me some day?" She stared, she struggled a good bit,

I could see, ere in that blessed way she broke down and answered softly: "I-I know I ought not to, Mr. forgotten; even for courtesy I did not Dare. I ought not, but it was all a But the odd look in his face changed care. I was making a mad plunge past mistake, and it was I fell in love with suddenly to a smile. In his old jaunty her, when the sudden view of the you that day at Hamish; I ought notsteamer gliding serenely out of the dock to have passed myself off as Mable. that other day, but I could not help it, and

-and-

"And?" It was certainly a very strange thing that I did. "You are a fool. You could have

and-this is the last I shall do for you. This was the text of the note I received from Mrs. Geoffrey Godley the It was unintentionally impudent; it morning after l'enraven's wedding. A was absurd; but the white-robed crea- strange story; but I laughed aloud as I went down to Nell in the little parlor. I was already a very happy-fool!

Electric Lights.

There are two kinds of electric lights, wholly different in principle, in brilliancy, in appearance and in the mode of use. A writer in one of the daily papers, explaining the difference to an inquiring correspondent, writes:

The distinguishing difference, to an ordinary observer, between arc and incandescent electric lights may, I thinkbe briefly stated thus: Arc lights burn in the open air, with carbon stickers or pencils, the very points or ends of which are heated to a white heat and gradually consumed. Such are our street lights. Incandescent lights, on the contrary, are produced inside small glass globes of various shapes, from which the air has been exhausted. These lights are caused by the passage of electricity through a fine resisting wire or thread (usually bent for convenience into the form of a horse-shoe), which is thereby raised into a white or incandescent heat, without being consumed, on account of the absence of air. If the air leaks in, the filament I did not think," she went on faint"I never think. And I am afraid end on't." The term "are" is an old one, adopted years ago, referring to the passing from one carbon point to the an artist cannot. An artist may be other.

Rome in the last Century.

It was a labyrinth of winding streets, unlighted, unnamed and unnumbered. Every trade kept to its special locality, and, in lack of show fronts, advertised its wares by painted signs and emblems. Cattle were herded in the Coliseum and Forum, and the Arch of Constantine was half buried in the earth. Justice was adminostered with barbaric ferocity. It was a common sight to see unlucky coachmen publicly tortured in the Corso for no worse guilt than that of driving through the streets during the hours reserved for carnival frolics; opening of the season for public sports, to finish the details ready for the glathe condemned criminals dis- zing And, patched, the hangman's assistants flashed on me, to grow ere the sunset a of the present century malefactors were quartered and burned on the Campo del Flori, and for many years later the pillory and the wooden horse remained familiar objects in other parts of Rome, although both were temporarily abolished during Napoleonic rule,

How Pictures Are Painted.

"Now," said a Detroit artist to a reporter of that city, in answer to a query how to paint a picture, "to start at the very beginning you must have a canvas and a pine frame. These form the ground work of the picture. The canvas overlaps the frame and is drawn taut and tacked down perfectly smooth. For fear lest the frame should give somewhat, you had better have about eight thin pieces of wood, called keys, to fit into the frame and thus keep the canvas always tightly stretched. Now you must have a number of fine camels' hair brushes of assorted sizes and with long wooden handles; a palette, as we call the flat glaced board with a thumbhole and a notch for the hand to rest easily and retain the brushes. Next and most important of all, you want some charcoal penciis and oil paints of various colors. Now you have all the materials any well-regulated painter needs, except an easel or frame on which to place your stretched canvas at the height most convenient to you.

"Well, now, let's begin work. Take your charcoal pencil and on the white surface of the canvas trace out as carefully as you can the design which you intend to paint, preserving the distances by making the lines heavy or light. as you wish an object to appear in the foreground or rear. Of course, what is known as aerial perspective cannot be delineated so well, for your paints and their varying shades are needed to fix these. Now your lines are in and you see what you are going to work at. Don't be afraid to rub out a faulty point and fix it over again. You may have to work for a day or more at the charcoal sketch, but it's better to have the groundwork perfect than to attempt to correct errors when you lay in the paints. Now take your paints and squeeze out of the little cases some colors which will blend in a faint neutral tint. Mix these on your palette and work in your outlines in these neutral tints. Now use your first colors, looking mainly to the masses of light and shade with a general perception of tints. Don't hurry, above all things. Now get back from your picture and examine the general effect. Ten to one you will find something wrong, some line out of place or some massing that does not suit. Take your brush and correct it carefully, going over the bad place a dozen times if it need be.

"Well, now you have your licture pretty well under way. So far all of us work about alike. At this point the difference begins. Some artists, having laid in the groundwork, begin painting the far off objects first and gradually work down to the front. Of course you understand that I am speaking of the perspective, and by the far off objects mean those which should appear dim and indistinct. You follow my plan and let's see what the result will be. We will first perfect our light and shade. This brings relief in the picture and gives you a working idea of what you are after. When you have covered the whole canvas with the broad colors you have finished the easiest part of your work. The petty but all imletails must be gone through with. My plan is always to fix in my mind some salient point, and having brought this out in the exact shade and breadth of coloring required to fix that point in just the position I desire, I begin on the next most important point. So I gradually work from the most important down. After the great effects have been portrayed to your satisfaction you find a detail here and the small point there that must be touched up and toned down. The harder you work the more you have to do, and it sometimes seems as though the work was interminable. You must work for light and shade and proportion in everything, and very often a tint may not be just the one you want. Then you have got to try again. Sometimes I have been forced to try a dozen times on one single little detail before I got anything like satisfaction. Even then the fault which I have to contend with is harsh-

ness and coldness. "A painter's genius is very often liable to run him into difficulties. A certain amount of innate talent may be good enough, but hard work is better. Rubens had a fault of always making his women too bulky. His idea of beauty was a large figure, and in that he was superb, but nearly every one of Rubens' figures are the same. Again, almost every one of the great masters was lacking in finish of some detail. Place them in the nineteenth century and the chances are about even that they would be torn to pieces by critics. One of the greatest troubles of a painter is a certain, often unknown but nearly always too highly embellish one part of a pic- excitement of business. ture at the expense of others. A sculptor can go around his marble, proportion each part by measurement and misled by his eye or his appreciation, but from his standpoint he may be perfectly correct. A connoisseur sees the work, and without understanding the artist's motive finds fault. It's much easier to blame than to correct. One thing I want to impress on you is this -be not discouraged by a failure. Rub out bad points and try and try again until you get them exact. All great artists have built up fame on failures. picture? Well, that depends. Some work I take hold upon when the inclination seizes me exactly, and I will

"As for pastelles, that work is the and all colors. Well, we sketch in the dust, and observed to a friend: outline as in an oil or water color. Then taking the softer chalks we rub them over the surface and with the palm of the hand rub the chalk in thoroughly. Then I put on the local tints, rubbing them in with the palm of the hand if -England's Royal Family costs that | broad effects are to be produced or with one or the other fingers when a delicate | ditty.

point is to be brought out. The more faint and pronounced tints are fashioned with harder chalks and touched up with an ivory pencil. The grass and lines are put in by irregular dashes and toned down. The best crayons are made by Lefranc of Paris. To my mind many beautiful and softly clear effects may be produced by the pastelle that an oil painting cannot give."

Ghost Stories.

artist, who we will call Mr. B-

A few months ago a young English

. went

down to the country seat of Lord X to pay that gentleman a visit. The house was very full, but he was accorded a handsome and comfortable chamber, apparently one of the best in the house. He remained for three days, the only noticeable feature about his visit being that each night he was troubled by a horrible dream. He dreamed that he was suddenly awakened by the entrance of some person into his room, and that, on looking around, he saw the apartment brightly illuminated, while at the window stood an old lady richly dressed, in the act of throwing something out. Her task accomplished, she turned her face towards the amazed spectator, showing a countenance so distorted with evil passions, so hideous in its expression of wickedness, that it thrilled his soul with terror. Then the light, and the dreadful old woman disappeared together, leaving the artist to imagine that he had been tormented by a frightfu! nightmare. But on returning to London his imagination was so haunted by that fearful countenance, thrice seen amid the watches of night, that he made a sketch of it, which so conveyed the evil expression and revolting aspect of the midnight hag as to horrify everybody to whom he showed it. One day the artist went to pay a call on Lord X-, and that gentleman took him into his picture gallery to show him some remarkable family portraits. Among those, what was he painter's surprise to recognize in the likeness of a well-dressed and stately old lady the features of his dream visitant, minus the revolting and wicked expression. "I have seen that lady," was his involuntary exclamation as his eyes rested on the portrait. "Indeed;" said Lord X-, smiling. "That is hardly possible, since she died over a hundred years ago. She was the second wife of my great grandfather, and was anything but a credit to the family, for she was strongly suspected of baving murdered her husband's son by his first marriage in order to make her own son the heir to the property. The unfortunate boy broke his neck in a fall from one of the windows of our country seat, and there is but little doubt of his having been precipitated from the window by his step-mother." The artist then related the circumstances of his thricerepeated dream, and sent for his sketch, which, so far as features went, was identical with the portrait in Lord -'s gallery. He afterward caused the sketch to be photographed, and the lady who told me the story said that she had herself seen the photograph, and that the face had haunted her afterward or dave.

A year ago an American gentleman died suddenly while traveling in Europe during the summer, and his remains were deposited in a receiving vault to await the approach of cold weather before they were transported to the United States. Some time before the body arrived in America, one of the deceased's business agents had a very vivid dream, in which he saw his defunct employer standing by his bedside. "I am come," said the vision, "to tell ou that the coffin in which my corpse has been inclosed is entirely too large to be gotten through the door of our family vault. You must have part of the doorway taken down before the funeral, else a very vexatious delay in the ceremonies will ensue." Of course the gentleman was far too strong-minded to take so extreme a step as that of causing the doorway of the vault to be partly demolished in obedience to the romptings of a dream. But when the body arrived the coffin was found to be far too large for the entrance, and all the annoying incidents that had been predicted in the dream did really take place. For the truth of the above story can myself vouch, as I know all the

"I'll Loaf Along..."

Other nations love to picture Americans as rushing up and down with so much steam that a funeral procession cannot check business for an instant. It is claimed that we eat too fast, sleep too little, rush too hard, and that young existent, tendency to exaggerate and men of 28 are all broken down with the

At 1 o'clock the other afternoon a boy about twelve years of age halted on the southeast corner of Griswold and supposed shape of an electric spark in come to mathematical exactitude, but Larned streets, and flung down his coat and yelled:

"Hey, there-let 'er come!" Before he had spit on his hands at least fifteen people had come to a stop. In about two minutes another boy had flung down his coat on the northwest corner of the same street and yelled:

"Look out-she's coming!" By this time the crowd had increased to twenty. The last boy threw a ball to the first, and the first boy threw it back. It was simply throw and catch. How long does it take me to paint a It was a sight as common as nail-heads in the sidewalk. There was no slight of hand-nothing thrilling-no chance for accident, and yet seventy-five people finish a neat piece in a few hours. came to a dead stop for ten minutes. Other studies occupy me a week or a Among them were lawyers who had month before I feel satisfied to trust cases on call, bank messengers with and the erection of the gallows on the Piazza del Popolo, the first Saturday in takes me a day of good hard work to and indeed all clases of business were carnival, was, in fact, the signal of the paint in the general effects and a week represented. A policeman finally careing of the season for public sports, to finish the details ready for the glawhat the matter was, but no one answered. He ordered the boys off, and would presently join the gay crowd in the Corso disguised as clowns of art work. We use find card board man who had taken a seat on the Poststartling moment of the morning it had and pantaloons. Down to the first year or soft paper of a peculiar quality not office steps sixteen minutes previously who slowly rose up, brushed off the

> "Well, I've got to go to the bank and get \$9,000 to pay our men off this afternoon, and I guess I'll loaf along."

THE author of the "Little Brown Jug" was probably in a jugular vein, when he wrote that sometimes popular

Sleepiessness

"Insomnia," remarked an elderly physician of the old school to a reporter, "is a perpetual puzzle to me." "How so?"

"Well, sleep being not only a natural condition, but a necessity, we find nature furnishing all the conditions to induce sleep, not only in health, but in disease, in ninety-nine cases in a hundred-but the hundreth case is the mystery. Why, sir," said the doctor warmed into professional enthusiasm, 'when you see how quickly and easily men adapt themselves to most unnatural and artificial conditions of lifeworking by night and sleeping by day; sleeping with the clink of the forge, the jar and clash of machinery, or the shrill whistle of escaping steam in their ears, and waking with a start at any unfamiliar sound, or at the cessation of the accustomed racket-it seems as though man could never suffer from sleepless-THESS.

"But will not excessive fatigue explain sleep under such trying circumstances?"

"Not satisfactorily. "I am too tired to sleep' is a common complaint; while in one case, that of a night-watchman in a bank, a cripple who has not probably done a day's work in a dozen years, the man sleeps with his ear close to the incessant buzz and whizz of the burglar alarm and has twice been aroused only to find a tramp or drunkard asleep on the steps outside the bank. Once, after I had been treating him with a medicine that slightly affected his hearing, this watchman complained bitterly that he was getting too deaf to sleep, and declared that he was kept awake by not hearing the burglar alarm dis-

"When you realize that the strongest man may, in spite of his will, be reduced to the blind helplessness of slumber by the droning of a friendly bore, an accumulation of foul air, or the temperature of the weather, it becomes still more mysterious to me how slight a thing will murder sleep, and work measureless mischief to mind and body."

"Perhaps," suggested the experienced reporter, "an unquiet conscience, domestic anxieties, or an unpaid debt

"Fudge!" retorted the doctor, "I have seen a man sleep soundly and tranquilly up to within an hour of his own nanging; I have seen my brother fall asleep while waiting for his mother-inlaw-a peculiarly wide awake anxiety she is, too-and I should not be sorry if a careless debtor were sometimes kept awake; but you can lay down no rule in these cases except that each man is a rule to himself.

"The various eccentricities and whimsical fancies of the men and women who suffer from wakefulness defy all rule, and would be amusing if they were not so dangerous to the patient and so discouraging to the doctor. There are many persons who cannot sleep on the left side, others who must have their heads point to some pet quarter of the compass, patients who demand noise, like the ticking of a clock. and others who require perfect silence to enable them to fall asleep. for instance, do you think of a woman who cannot, or will not, sleep in a room carpeted with anything except straw matting, and who cannot sleep in the same room more than ten consecutive nights? I am assured and believe that she has faithfully tried, again and again, to exceed this ten-night limit; that the eleventh night is invariably sleepless, the twelfth excited, hysierical perhaps, the next worse, and so on, until on two occasions when I have been called, I can assure you that her condition was too critical to admit of a suspicion of malingering.

"Are women more subject to it than

"Not in my experience, nor is it confined to the physically or mentally weak among men. A well-known athlete has assured me that, after training for some important event, he used often to be thrown out of condition by sleeplessness for several nights preceding the trial of strength, until he discovered that he could always sleep if the closet door in his chamber were set wide open. Even now in traveling, if he occupies a room without a closet, he is certain to lose his night's sleep.

"A grave and self-contained Judge," continued the physician, "every night ties a black thread tightly round the big toe of his left foot-the right won't do at all-and, with judicial gravity, claims this as a certain cure for what he used to call his 'night fits;' while a classmate of mine at college, now an eminent and eloquent clergyman, once confided to me with much self-reproach and perturbation of mind, that whenever he had an attack of sleeplessness he became at once possessed by an arresistable temptation to say 'damn,' and, that, cabalistic word once uttered, his unrest vanished and sleep came at once. Think,' said he to me solemnly, but with a twinkle in his eye, 'of a minister of the Gospel becoming irresponsibly profane, for want of somothing to put him to put him to sleep, when he has a desk full of old sermons in the house." "Irresponsibly profane?" we repeat-

"Quite so. Mandsley declares insomnia to be a frequent cause of insanity, and I am inclined to regard it as one of the most obscure of mental diseases."

"And the cure?" "Well, there is a grim humor about giving a restless man the 'active principal of hops' to put him to sleep, but, as for permanent cure, the most satisfactory cures are those queer fancies of the patients themselves. They may be absurd and irrational, but they are lasting, and taste better than most medicines.

Five courses of brick will lay one foot in height on a chimney. Nine bricks in a course will make a flue eight inches wide and twenty inches long, and eight bricks in a course will make a flue eight inches wide and sixteen inches long.

To make black aniline ink dissolve five parts of nigrosin in 100 parts of water, and if the solution is very blue add a few drops of a watery solution of a Bismarck brown. An addition of 5 per cent, of glycerine makes this ink suitable for copying purposes.