

THE OLD ATTIC ROOM.

I remember the dear old attic room, Where I slept when a little boy...

I remember well how the early sun Through the window small would stray...

I remember the ceiling, cracked and low, Where the bunches of peppers hung...

Of the nights I had of innocent rest, What wouldn't I give to be again...

The room was not fair to look upon, But to me 'twas a jolly nest...

A HOSPITAL ROMANCE.

It is the height of the London season, we are in the thick of it—at least, as far as we can well manage to push ourselves...

Aunt has managed, indeed, lately, to add to her visiting list a baronet, two countesses, and a marquis...

The baronet is rather weak and silly, but is, I believe, sans reproche, and has a good property...

Upon his happy state of things a thunderbolt has fallen. I am ill, and the doctor, having been called in, pronounces the ailment scarlet fever...

"You know nothing about it child!" sobs my aunt. "That people of rank have so many temptations, I have tried hard to make up a nice little circle...

"What is it, my dear?" inquires the old gentleman, very kindly. "Not worse, I hope?" "Oh, no, but I want you to help me."

that in your present stage. You can infect nobody. My carriage is at the door. I shall send one of your servants to help you dress...

I know that he can ill spare the time—time that means money—and I am very grateful to him for his ready help.

In due time we arrive at the hospital, and wait in the head nurse's sitting-room. The resident doctor comes, pronouncing my case to be, as Dr. Traill says, one of mild scarlet fever...

The new patient arrives, and I wonder vaguely who he is. I am restless, miserably feverish, and the doctor orders me a draught, whereupon I sleep heavily...

What does he mean? Is my roselbud next to his heart, as his is next to mine? It cannot be. I am only a silly girl of eighteen, and he is thirty-six...

I see no more of Major McDonald that day; but on the next and the next, he sits beside me on the seat, which, though somewhat worm-eaten and brittle, seems to me, since he is there, glorious enough to be a resting-place for demi-gods...

"She is a beautiful woman," he says; "and it is only natural she should come to see him, is it not?" "Oh, yes!" and I laugh idiotically and talk so gaily that the doctor stays for what seems to me hours...

"How small and delicate," he says. "You must be very young." "Only a little drummer! Have courage, my boy! I shall not forsake you, and shall carry you to a place of safety, if possible; if not, we can die together. But hark! Here is the foe in full force!"

"I know who is about to enter—it is the head night nurse, who has heard the noise in my room, and is coming up—and unless I can turn him away, her fate is sealed, for he has in him, for the time being, the strength of twenty men."

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remiss on her part—very. You would not act so, would you?"—and he smiles down on me.

"Oh, I don't know!" I answer recklessly. "I dare say I should be very glad to get him out of the way for a time."

"I do not see Major McDonald for three weeks; nor do I hear much about him, as, soon after, a private room on the women's side of the hospital becoming vacant, I am carried over; so that only from the head nurse and the doctor, do I hear any news of him."

When next we meet, I am sitting in the garden, wrapped in shawls and cloaks, looking, I doubt not, a very fragile and insignificant piece of humanity.

Major McDonald—Miss Rose Morley. She does not look much like a Zulu chieftain to-day, does she Major?" The young doctor laughs and chats, for a few moments, and then strolls away towards the men's convalescent ward...

"I have to thank you deeply for the courage which saved me from taking either your life or the nurse's, or both. I do not ask your pardon, for I have it here; and he touches his breast.

"I have a better plan than that to propose. I want you to come with us to Dinard, where we are going for change of air for my son."

"How beautiful she is," I cry enthusiastically, and how kind! Then with forced gaiety, I add, "We shall be a nice little party caree—you, your wife, your mother, and I."

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look down, and say, in my nervousness, just what I ought not.

"When I see you coming?" I ask, with a forced laugh which sinks into a feeble giggle, whilst I dig holes into the ground with my parasol.

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Mr. Clemens divides his year into two parts, which are not exactly for work and play respectively, but which differ very much in the nature of their occupations.

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Mark Twain at Work.

Wife Selling in England.

The custom of selling and purchasing wives in England certainly can claim a very respectable antiquity, and probably is based upon the ancient laws of the Anglo-Saxons.

The value of a wife seems to have been mostly held in light esteem, for one was sold at Gloucester market by auction in 1841 for half a crown, and it is recorded that the purchaser frequently congratulated himself on his "bargain."

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A Modest Domestic.

Mrs. Sam Smart advertised for a colored servant. An elegantly dressed colored lady put in an appearance. She wanted fifteen dollars a month in advance, which was conceded.

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A factory is said to have been established in Sweden for making into paper the half decomposed moss which has accumulated in many places in Norway and Sweden to a thickness of a foot or more.

Carl Dunder's Taxes.

"I likes to know," he said to the captain at the Central station the other day, "what you call dees men who go around und make our taxes for us?"

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Children's Secrets.

Children should be taught to respect the secrets of their friends and school-mates, in all cases where they can do so consistently and with a conscientious regard for right and justice.

The state of life is the most happy where superfluities are not required and where necessities are not wanting.