

WHEN TO REST.

When the sun sinks low in the western sky. When the looms of the health by labor is for the light.

"I have won my rest for a little while; Good-night, my work, good-night!" Many a trouble man must bear.

"To-morrow is another day; Worry, good-night good-night!" Anger may meet us the whole day long.

"Good-night, my soul, for I cannot know, While my body sleeps, where thou wilt go, All space and reason soaring!"

A LOCK OF HAIR.

It was midnight by the clock of Egyptian design that stood on the mantel-piece of my library. I had been to a dinner party at which there were several intellectual men and two or three lovely women.

I had a good deal with which to occupy my thoughts. I was writing a book on an obtuse subject connected with the mind. A patient in whom I was greatly interested had not responded as decidedly as was desirable to the remedies I was giving him.

I was an old bachelor—so called—though under fifty. Many assaults, so I had been told, had been made on my celibacy by designing mammas working in the interests of their daughters.

But I was in love with my profession, and when a physician gets into that state in which he finds something more in his studies than his "bread and butter" he is not very apt to be led away by the blandishments of women.

I had not thought her particularly attractive, as we talked together in the drawing room before going into dinner. She had, it is true, a beautiful face and figure, but though I was an old fool, probably, I was not such a big one as to be caught by allurements of that kind.

She was 60 at least, and had the appearance of being a housekeeper or some kind of upper servant. There was nothing in her looks to excite interest. Her expression was one of calmness and dignity.

She made no answer in words, but plunging her hand into a pocket of her frock, produced a small package, which she laid on the table.

"I have heard that you give special attention to disease of the brain, and that you are very successful in discovering their true character. I wish your services for a patient who is under my

the most commonplace description, and yet each time I had spoken to her she had raised her eyebrows in amazement, and then, after a minute or so of apparent mental vacuity, had stammered out some simpler response, generally a "Yes" or "No," or a few words not so decided in their meaning.

Still to a certain extent she had fascinated me from the very beginning without at that time exciting my admiration. Into this feeling there entered a strong degree of professional interest.

I was apprehensive that I would pass a stupid two or three hours at the swell dinner that was about to come off, but anticipation was agreeably disappointed, for a more charming companion it had never been my good fortune to meet than the one that sat next to me at that table.

As she spoke the last words she tore open the package she had brought with her, and disclosed to my astonished gaze a long lock of golden-red hair. She drew it slowly between her fingers, as though admiring it, but seemed bent on some intense thought that the contemplation suggested.

"I broke the seal," I said, "and you expect me to prescribe for a patient by simply looking at a lock of her hair! I am sorry to find that you are so ignorant and credulous as to believe that such a thing can be done."

"I am a Cossack," she said proudly. "My father was a prince. You are horrified at what I have told you, but your emotion is entirely misplaced. See!"

"I wish to see Dr. Waldron immediately," she said in quick, sharp tones. "I am Dr. Waldron."

"If I am to talk with you I would like to come in."

"Very well, madame," getting out of the way as I spoke, and thus allowing her to enter. "Come in by all means. It is nearly 1 o'clock and the doctors must expect unseasonable visitors."

"You vile monster!" I exclaimed as I rose from my chair and pulled down the little lever of the district telegraph apparatus and gave the signal for a policeman. "You are probably insane; but, lunatic or not, I'm going to have you taken care of for the night at least. Such tigreases as you are not to be allowed to run at large to torture women as you, by your own confession, have tortured Miss Plouman."

immediate charge, and who is very dear to me. I am her governess, guardian and nurse. I am so thoroughly acquainted with her symptoms that I can give them to you with absolute fidelity, so that it will not be necessary for you to see her."

"Stop, if you please," I exclaimed. "I never under any circumstances, give an opinion of a patient that I have not thoroughly personally examined. If you wish me to break through this rule you may save yourself further trouble, for I shall not violate it now."

"Great Heavens!" I thought. "What a horrible woman!" I looked at the small parcel that lay on the table. It was large enough to contain an eye, a finger, the tongue, or ear. I was shocked beyond measure, not only at the cold-blooded revelations of the woman, but at the awful ignorance and superstition that she implied.

"Do you know," continued the model young man, "I think a law of that kind an outrage, and the place is rightly called a taxing district, and should never be called anything else. What's the fine in case you don't take out the license?"

"I suppose you are in business in Memphis?" "Yes."

"I'm captain of police there." "S-s-s, I'll-I'll come up to the office if I stop over, but I think I'll go on to Louisville."

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head. She's the chief nurse in ward No. 6 in the Woman's Lunatic Asylum on the island. I'm the crazy Cossack Princess. Ha, ha! Miss Plouman! She's the girl you're in love with. I've found out all your secrets and now I'm ready to go back. I heard them tell about you as a great mad doctor, so I thought I'd get out a case for myself. And I've seen enough. I've taken your measure, and now I'll go back. You don't care so much about the hair now, do you? Well, neither do I. Keep it for luck. Sarah won't begrudge it to you. There's your policeman."

She led the way to the front door, and I, after making a short statement of the facts in my possession and my inference from them gave her in charge. I did not sleep soundly that night, but I was still in love with Mary Plouman, and the long lock of golden-red hair lay on my library table.

How He Slipped Through.

He was a New York drummer representing a new-fangled buggy top, a model of which occupied a portion of the two seats the young man was scattered over. He had just returned from the wash-room, where he had laundried his celluloid collar and cuffs and changed his silk cap for a late Broadway tie.

"They require drummers to take out a \$10 license there, don't they?" continued the buggy-top and celluloid-collar-and-cuffs young man. "I believe they do," replied the Memphian.

"What line?" "I'm captain of police there." "S-s-s, I'll-I'll come up to the office if I stop over, but I think I'll go on to Louisville."

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Pearls and Carnations.

"Eugenia! I declare I cannot decide whether I shall wear these beautiful carnations or this magnificent tiara of pearls in my hair this evening," cried Lady Albina, as, standing before a mirror that reflected her graceful figure in its full proportion, she held the rival ornaments in either hand, and, with a glance of gratified female pride, turned to her sister, who was mopey quiffing a stray curl in her "coiffure," to determine the important question.

"Albina, my dear," she replied, "you know that the carnations were sent you by Frederick Langrish, and that he has requested you will wear them this evening."

"Nay, sister, there you positively are wrong! Sir William is, without doubt, an elegant, insinuating fellow; and it is such a triumph over those odious Ormsbys to monopolize his attention. But you know I do love Frederick; he is very sensible, but horridly stupid."

"That means, Albina, that he will not flatter your vanity by the sacrifice of his sincerity; but you are not ignorant how devotedly he is attached to you."

"Eugenia, for Heaven's sake drop the lachrymose subject, or you will so damp my spirits that I shall appear tonight as somber as the tragic muse. Blonde, don't you think the pearls will best suit my complexion this evening?"

"Certainly, my lady," replied the obsequious Abigail who answered to the name of Blonde.

The pearls were accordingly wreathed in the shining tresses of her raven hair—her toilet was complete—and as she drew on a snowy little glove over a still more snowy little hand, she cast one parting glance at her mirror; and beholding herself armed at all points for conquest, her cheeks flushed and her dark eyes sparkled with conscious delight at her anticipated triumph.

"I should think you might sell to some of the carriage makers." "I suppose you are in business in Memphis?" "Yes."

"I'm captain of police there." "S-s-s, I'll-I'll come up to the office if I stop over, but I think I'll go on to Louisville."

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definite nature or extent. She stretched forth her thin, small hand upon the counterpane; it fell upon a few withered carnations laid carefully together. A ray of light darted across her benighted mind; she started up wildly in the bed.

"You must be still, my lady," said a voice, in the well-known accents of her maid, hurrying from a low couch near the patient's bed; "pray, be still! The doctor has ordered you to be kept quiet; and my Lady Eugenia has only just gone from your bedside, which the poor dear, young lady has hardly quitted these three weeks."

"I believe I have been very ill, Blonde?" "Ill? Lor! my lady, we never thought to hear your voice again."

"These flowers, Blonde—! I remember something—but my head is very weak." "Alas! my lady, no one dare take them from you since that unfortunate night; and it was poor Mr. Frederick's last wish—"

"Frederick! Frederick's last wish?" "Yes, my lady; that odious fellow, Sir William Byfield, shot him at Boulogne-sur-Mer in a duel."

"Ha! Frederick Langrish shot!—tis not, then, a dream—and I am his destroyer!" She clasped her forehead between her hands, and, uttering a thrilling shriek, sunk back senseless upon her pillow.

More than an hour elapsed before Albina showed signs of returning sensation. At length she opened her eyes slowly; but their dull, leaden gaze told that the light of reason had forever deserted them. She looked on once-familiar faces with vacant curiosity; she spoke of Frederick Langrish, but no trace came to her relief. Seven days she continued in this state, calm as a sleeping child. At length the moment arrived that was to release her gentle spirit from its earthly bondage.

"Which horse is she?" the boy asked, and the old man pointed her out. "H'm! the urchin exclaimed, "she can't win. She couldn't run for our apples."

"Well, get me a ticket on her anyway," Uncle Bill remarked. "Lightning strikes in queer places sometimes." The boy departed, and quickly returned with a ticket. Bill shoved it in his waistcoat pocket, and watched the race with breathless interest. Irene swept around the curves with the ruck of runners, and on entering the home-stretch began to show up in front. Old Bill was in ecstacy. He jumped to his feet, swung his Mackinac above his head, and cheered like a Tamany boaster. The mare passed under the string a winner.

"Struck 'em at last," the old man shouted to his friends, as he crowded up to the pool box, ticket in hand, and demanded his share of the winnings. The clerk looked at the ticket, and shook his head. "You're too old a man for such business," he said. "That's one of yesterday's tickets. Go and eat a pig's foot, and tumble to yourself, old man."

Uncle Bill was dazed. He hunted up the boy and forced an explanation. The boy began to snuffle, and to wipe his eyes with the back of his hand. "Well, I didn't think that such an old crab as that could win," he muttered, "and I thought I might as well have the \$5 as the pool seller. So I picked up an old ticket, and shoved the note in my pocket. Here it is. I don't want it if you want it."

A Smart Boy.

Old Bill Pontin of Franklin street, New York, went to the Coney Island races not long ago. A bright boy about 12 years old was his companion. Mr. Pontin became interested in several horses, and sent the boy to buy pool tickets. He bought five tickets, one after another, and each time Uncle Bill drew a blank. On the following day he and the boy again went to the races. The veteran bought two pool tickets, and, as usual, lost his money. On the third race he caught a stray tip, and drew a \$5 note from his pocket. "Take this to the pool box," he said to the boy, "and buy me a ticket on Irene."

Lots of Fun.

Little Jimmy Jones, aged 7 years, came running home crying, and spitting blood and teeth out of his mouth, while his lips were black, and burned, and swollen.

"O, mercy! Is my boy killed?" shrieked the agonized mother. A hasty examination revealed the fact that most of her boy was at home, and that his life and health were also in the vicinity.

"Stop your noise," she commanded; "you are not much hurt. Tell me all about it, and mind that you tell the truth."

"Me and Tommy Toodies," said the boy between sobs, "was playin' in the stable, when my holier tooth commenced to achin', and Tommy said he could cure it. He put some black powder in my tooth and touched it off with a match."