

DOWN THE STREAM.

LORD ROUGHEN.

Level it began with a breeze,
Grew with the growing flowers,
Smiled in a dreamy breeze,
Recked not the passing hours
Our passion's flood rose ever,
Flowing for her and me,
Till the brook became a river,
And the river became a sea.

SUZANNA DE SIRMONT.

It was ten-time, before the appear-
ance of the lamps. The villa com-
manded the sea; the sky, which had
disappeared, had left the sun, which
from his pangs—rubbed, as it were,
with gold-dust; and the Mediterra-
nean, with a ripple, without a shud-
der, smooth, still shining under the
dying day, seemed like a huge and
polished metal plate.

Far off to the right the jagged moun-
tains outlined their black profile on the
paled purple of the west.

We talked of love, we discussed
that old subject, we said again the
things which we had said already very
often. The wet melancholy of the
twilight made our words slower,
caused a tenderness to waver in our
souls; and that word "love," which
came back ceaselessly, now pronounced
by a strong man's voice, now uttered
by the frail-toned sweet voice of a
woman, seemed to fill the silent
air, to flutter there like a bird, to hover
there like a spirit.

"Can one remain in love for years in
succession?"

"Yes," maintained I come.

"No," affirmed others.

We distinguished cases, we estab-
lished limitations, we cited examples;
and all men and women, filled with
rising and troubling memories, which
they could not quote, and which
mounted to their lips, seemed moved,
and talked of that common, the sov-
erign thing, the tender and mysteri-
ous union of two beings, with a pro-
found emotion and an ardent interest.

But all of a sudden some one, whose
eyes had been fixed upon the distance,
cried out:

"Oh! Look down there; what is
it?"

On the sea, at the bottom of the hori-
zon, loomed up a mass, gray, enor-
mous and confused.

The women had risen from their
seats, and without understanding,
looked at this surprising thing which
they had never seen before.

Some one said:

"It is Corsica! You see it so two
or three times a year, in certain excep-
tional conditions of the atmosphere,
when the air is perfectly clear, and it
is not concealed by those heavy mists
of sea-fog which always veil the dis-
tances."

We distinguished vaguely the moun-
tain ridges, we thought we recognized
the snow of their summits. And
every one remained surprised, troubled,
almost terrified, by this sudden appear-
ition of a world, by this phantom risen
from the sea. Maybe that those who
knew Columbus, went across undiscover-
ed oceans had such strange visions
as this.

Then said an old gentleman who had
not yet spoken:

"See here! I knew in that island
which raises itself before us, as if in
person to answer to what we said, and
to recall to me a singular memory—I
knew, I say, an admirable case of love
which was true, of love which, im-
probably enough, was happy. Here it is:

"Five years ago I made a journey in
Corsica. That savage island is more
unknown and more distant from us
than America, even though you see it
sometimes from the very coasts of
France, as we have done to-day.

"Imagine a world which is still
chaos, imagine a storm of mountains
separated by narrow ravines where
torrents roll; not a single plain, but
immense waves of granite, and giant
undulations of earth covered with
brushwood or with high forests of
chestnut-trees and pines. It is a vir-
gin soil, uncultivated, desert, although
you sometimes make out a village, like
a heap of rocks, on the summit of a
mountain. No culture, no industries,
no art. One never meets here with a
morsel of carved wood, or a bit of
sculptured stone, never the least re-
minder that the ancestors of these
people had any taste, whether rude or
refined, for gracious and beautiful
things. It is this which strikes you the
most in their superb and hard country;
their indifference to that search for se-
lective forms which is called Art.

"Italy, where every palace, full of
masterpieces, is a masterpiece itself;
Italy, where marble, wood, bronze,
iron, metals, and precious stones attest
man's genius, where the smallest old
things reveal the divine care for
grace—Italy is for us the sacred coun-
try we love, because she shows us and
proves to us the struggle, the grandeur,
the power, and the triumph
of the intelligence which creates.

"And, face to face, with her, the
savage Corsica has remained exactly as
in her earliest days. A man lives there
in his rude house, indifferent to every-
thing which does not concern his own
bare existence or his family feuds.
And he has retained the virtues of the
virtues of savage races; he is violent,
pugnacious, sanguinary, without a

thought of remorse, but also hospi-
table, generous, devoted, simple, open-
ing his door to passers-by, and giving
freely his faithful friendship in return
for the least sign of human sympathy.

"So, for a month, I had been wan-
dering over this magnificent island
with the sensation that I was at the
end of the world. No more inns, no
taverns, no oaks. You gain by mule-
paths hamlets hanging up, as it were,
on a mountain-side, and commanding
tortuous abysses whence an evening
you hear rising the steady sound, the
dull and deep voice, of the torrent.

You knock at the doors of the houses.
You ask a shelter for the night, and
something to live on till the morrow.
And you sit down at the humble
board, and you see under the hum-
ble roof, and in the morning you press
the extended land of your host, who
has guided you as far as the outskirts
of the village.

"Now, one night, after ten hours
waking, I reached a little dwelling
quiet by itself at the bottom of a
narrow valley which was about a
throw itself into the sea, a league far-
ther on. The two steep slopes of the
mountain, covered with brush, alien
rocks, and great trees, shut in this
lovely sad ravine like two sombre
walls.

"Around the cottage were some
vines, a little garden, and, farther
out several large chestnut-trees—enough
to live on; in fact, a fortune for this
poor country.

"The woman who received me was
old, severe, and neat—exceptionally so.
The man, seated on a straw chair, near
the door, rose to salute me, then sat
down again without saying a word.

His companion said to me:

"Excuse him, monsieur, he is deaf
now. He is over eighty-two years
old."

"She spoke the French of France.
I was surprised.

"I asked her:

"You are not of Corsica?"

"She answered:

"No; we are from the Continent.
But we have lived here now fifty
years."

"A feeling of anguish and of fear
seized me at the thought of those fifty
years passed in this gloomy hole, so
far from the cities where human
beings dwell. An old shepherd re-
turned, and we began to eat the only
dish there was for dinner, a thick soup
in which potatoes, lard and cabbages
had been boiled together.

"When the short repast was finished
I went and sat down before the door,
my heart pinched by the melancholy
of the mountain landscape, wrung by
that distress which sometimes reaches
travelers on certain sad evenings, in cer-
tain desolate places. It seems that
everything is near its ending—existence,
and the universe itself. You
perceive sharply the dreadful misery
of life, the terrible isolation of every
one, the nothingness of all things, and
the black loneliness of the heart which
nurses itself and deceives itself in
dreams until the very hour of death.

"The old woman rejoined me, and,
tortured by that curiosity which ever
lies hidden at the bottom of the most
resigned of souls:

"So you come from France?" said
she.

"Yes; I'm travelling for pleasure."

"You are from Paris, perhaps?"

"No, I am from Nancy."

"It seemed that an extraordinary
emotion agitated her. How I saw, or
rather felt it, I do not know.

"She repeated, in a slow voice:

"You are from Nancy?"

"The man appeared in the door, im-
possible, like all the deaf. She re-
sumed:

"It doesn't make any difference.
He can't hear."

"Then, at the end of several seconds:

"So you know people at Nancy?"

"Oh, yes, nearly everybody."

"The family of Sainte-Alaize?"

"Yes, very well; they were friends
of my father."

"What are you called?"

"I told her my name. She regard-
ed me fixedly, then said, in that low
voice which is roused by memories:

"Yes, yes; I remember well. And
the Brisemares, what has become of
them?"

"They are all dead."

"Ah! And the Sirmonts, do you
know them?"

"Yes, the last of the family is a
general."

"Then she said, trembling with emo-
tion, with anguish, with I don't know
what, feeling confused, powerful, and
holy, with I do not know how great a
need to confess, to tell all, to talk of
those things which she had kept shut
in the bottom of her heart, and to
speak of those whose name distracted
her soul:

"Yes, Henri de Sirmont. I know
him well. He is my brother."

"And I lifted my eyes at her, aghast
with surprise. And all of a sudden
my memory of it came back.

"It had caused, once, a great scan-
dal among the nobility of Lorraine.
A young girl, beautiful and rich,
Suzanne de Sirmont, had run away
with an under-officer in the regiment
of hussars commanded by her father.

"He was a handsome fellow, the son
of a peasant, but he carried his blue
dolman very well, this soldier who had
captivated his colonel's daughter. She
had seen him, noticed him, fallen in
love with him, double a while watch-
ing the squadrons filing by.

"But how she had got speech of
him, how they had managed to see one
another, to hear from one another;
how she had dared to let him under-
stand she loved him—that was never
known.

"Nothing was divined, nothing sus-
pected. One night when the soldier
had just finished his time of service,
they disappeared together. Her peo-
ple looked for them in vain. They

never received tidings, and they con-
sidered her as dead.

"So I found her in this sinister val-
ley."

"Then in my turn I took up the
word:

"Yes, I remember. You are Mlle.
Suzanne."

"She made the sign 'yes,' with her
head. Tears fell from her eyes. Then
with a look showing me the old man
motionless on the threshold of his hut,
he said:

"That is he."

"And I understood that she loved
him yet, that she still saw him with her
bewitched eyes.

"I asked:

"Have you at least been happy?"

"She answered with a voice from
her heart:

"Oh yes! very happy. He has
made me very happy. I have never
regretted."

"I looked at her, sad, surprised,
stunned by the sovereign strength of
love! That rich young lady had fol-
lowed this man, this peasant. She was
become herself a peasant woman. She
had made for herself a life without
glamour, without luxury, without de-
licacy of any kind, she had stooped to
simple customs. And she loved him
yet. She was become the wife of a
rustic, in a cap, in a cloth skirt. She sat
on a straw-bottomed chair, she ate
from an earthenware dish, at a wooden
table, a soup of potatoes and of cab-
bages with lard. She slept on a mat-
ress by his side.

"She had never thought of anything
but of him. She had never regretted
her jewels, nor her fine dresses, nor the
elegancies of life, nor the perfumed
warmth of the chambers hung with
tapestry, nor the softness of the down-
beds where the body sinks in for re-
pose. She had never had need of any-
thing but him; provided he was there,
she desired nothing.

"Still young, she had abandoned life
and the world and those who had
brought her up, and who had loved
her. She had come, alone with him,
into this savage valley. And he had
done everything to her, all that one de-
sires, all that one dreams of, all that
one waits for, all that one hopes for
without end. He had filled her life
with happiness from the one end to
the other.

"She could not have been more
happy."

"And all the night, listening to the
hoarse breathing of the old soldier
stretched on his pallet beside her who
had loved him so far, I thought of
this strange and simple adventure, of
this happiness so complete, and so
true, made of so very little.

"And I went away at sunrise, after
having pressed the hands of that aged
pair."

The story teller was silent.

A woman said:

"All the same, she had ideas which
were too easily satisfied, needs which
were too primitive, requirements too
simple. She could only have been a
fool."

Another said, in a low, slow and
tender voice, "What matter! she was
happy."

And down there at the end of the
horizon, Corsica was sinking into the
night, returning gently into the sea,
blotting out her great shadow, which
had appeared as if in person to tell
the story of those two humble lovers
who were sheltered by her coasts.

THE HOME DOCTOR.

NEUROUS HEADACHE.

The ordinary nervous headache will
be greatly relieved, and in many cases
entirely cured by removing the waist
of one's dress, knotting the hair high
up on the head out of the way, and
while leaning over a basin, placing a
sponge soaked in water as hot as it
can be borne on the back of the neck.
Repeat this many times, also applying
the sponge behind the ears, and the
strained muscles and nerves that have
caused so much misery will be felt to
relax and smooth themselves out deli-
ciously, and very frequently the pain
promptly vanishes in consequence.
Every woman knows the aching face
and neck generally brought home from
a hard day's shopping, or from a long
round of calls and afternoon teas. She
regards with intense dissatisfaction the
heavy lines drawn around her eyes and
mouth by the long strain on her facial
muscles, and when she must carry that
worn countenance to some dinner
party or evening's amusement, it robs
her of all the pleasure to be had in it.

Cosmetics are not the cure, nor
bromides, nor the many nerve seda-
tives to be had at the drug shop. Use
the sponge and hot water again, bath-
ing the face in water as hot as it can
possibly be borne; apply the sponge
over and over again to the temples,
throat and behind the ears, where most
of the nerves and muscles of the head
centre, and then bathe the face in
water running cold from the faucet.
Color and smoothness of outline come
back to the face, an astonishing fresh-
ness and comfort is the result, and if a
nap of ten minutes can follow, every
trace of fatigue will vanish.

The same remedy is invaluable for
sunburn, and the worst case of this
latter affliction of sensitive skins will
succumb to hot-water treatment. The
cold douche should not be followed in
this case; instead, a light application
of vaseline or cold cream, which pre-
vents peeling of the skin as the hot
water prevented inflammation. Noth-
ing so good for tired eyes has yet been
discovered as bathing them in hot
water, and neuralgia in nine cases out
of ten will yield to applications of
cloths wrung out in hot water in which
the hand cannot be borne.

From the array of talent already ac-
quired the concert in an artistic sense
will be an undoubted success, while for
its financial result no fears may be en-
tertained, judging from the above list
of names.

WATER FARMS.

WONDERS IN CULTIVATION OF
LAKE AND SEA.

An Acre of Water More Productive
Than One of Land—Stocking the
Ocean—Limitless Possibilities
of This New Industry.

Within a century from the present
date the waters of this country will sup-
ply as much food as the land produces.
So the authorities in the Fish Commis-
sion and geological survey assert. By
that time water farms will have become
as plentiful as land farms, and the
aquatic acres will be cultivated with as
much attention as the terrestrial.

Water-farming is, in fact, to be the
great industry of the future. It is far
more profitable, even now, for a given area
than the tilling of the most fertile soil.
A fruitful acre of earth will support
one young bullock, increasing the weight
of the best five hundred pounds in a
twelvemonth. One acre of water, prop-
erly located, will produce 10,000 pounds
of oyster meat, shells and juice not
included, in the same length of time.
Oysters are, weight for weight, very
nearly equal to beef for making flesh and
blood. By artificial propagation, as it is
now beginning to be carried on, the ex-
treme bottom surface of all streams near
the sea, and estuaries also, can be made
to yield crops in this proportion.

But great as will be the business of
raising oysters on our coasts a century
from now, it will bear but small com-
parison with the cultivation of fish. This
will be carried on in three branches.
The most important will be their propa-
gation for market in the waters of the in-
terior, which will afford opportunities
hitherto undreamed of for economic fish-
farming.

It is not generally realized that there
are in this country literally millions upon
millions of lakes available for this pur-
pose, in size all the way from mere ponds
to the great inland seas of fresh water.
In Illinois alone there are tens of thou-
sands of lakes, and hundreds of thou-
sands more can be readily created. There
are in that State hundreds of thousands
of extinct lakes which can easily be trans-
formed into sheets of water by the sim-
plest means. All the enormous "Lake
Plain," as it is known to geologists,
comprising Wisconsin, Minnesota and
Michigan north of the Ohio River, is
dotted with countless sheets of water,
conditions being abundant for creating
a million more by such inexpensive arti-
fices as the damming of streams. By
damming at intervals, every creek and
rivulet can be made to form artificial
lakes. Everywhere in the United States
it is pretty much the same, and every
acre of this water can be made to pro-
duce several times as much food as can
be obtained from the most fertile acre of
land.

Even the vast arid region—the "Great
Desert" of the West—is speckled all over
with multitudes of extinct lakes, which
can be filled once more and made to teem
again with fish life, as they once did. In
the marshes where once these dead ponds
were, countless shells and fish-fossils are
found to-day. From such sources were
obtained the remains of mastodons pre-
served in the museums, the mighty
beasts having got mired when they went
for water and so perished, leaving their
bones behind them to excite the wonder
of a later age. When the irrigation of
the arid belt has become an accomplished
fact, the water stored in reservoirs will
produce as much value in the shape of
fishes as from the land in the form of
vegetables.

All these millions of water farms, as
they are some day destined to be, will be
planted with fishes native to the Missis-
sippi Valley—such as the crappie, black
bass, rock bass and pickerel—as well as
with land-locked salmon, carp and other
suitable species, palatable and quickly
multiplying. The Mississippi Valley it-
self, by the way, with its multitudinous
bayous, will afford extensive and most
profitable areas for the propagation of
scalp food.

One principle at the bottom of the fact
that water farming makes bigger gains
than land farming is that, whereas
a pound of beef must carry its own
weight, as it were, the animal wasting
most of what it eats in the muscular ef-
fort of walking about, the fish is sus-
pended without effort in its native el-
ement, having merely to waggle its fins
occasionally in order to achieve what loco-
motion is necessary, so that nearly all
of its food goes to support and increase
the bulk of its body, at so much per sixteen
ounces, market price.

The second great branch of the water
farming industry of the future will be
the cultivation of the coastal waters of
the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, as well
as of the Gulf of Mexico. It is as easy
to stock those waters as to do the like for
the ponds and lakes, and operations for
propagation purposes can be carried on
with equal certainty of success.

On the Pacific coast lobsters are being
planted by the millions, in the shape
of little fellows a couple of inches long,
and they are thriving so well, though un-
known on those shores hitherto, that as
soon as they have had time for multiply-
ing, they are likely to supply the whole
country, including New England.

To think for oneself is not achieved—
it is a gift of the gods to a favorite
son.

All great discoveries are made by
men whose feelings run ahead of their
thinking.

The modern lover does not implore
to be deeply loved; he begs not to be too
much to ad.

Confidence is a thing not to be pro-
duced by compulsion. Men cannot be
forced into trust.

The most sublime poem that can be
heard on this earth is the lisping of a
human soul from the lips of childhood.

Leprosy's microbe, recently discovered
is of infinitesimal size, and is remark-
able for its activity.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Malices seeks only causes.
He is gentle that doth gentle deeds.

Truth, wisdom, love, seek reasons.
Seek life's pleasures while you may.

Virtue is as common as common
sense.

A man may be knowing, but not
wise.

Virtue is like a rich stone, but plain
set.

Choose truth rather than golden opin-
ions.

We can give advice, but we cannot
give conduct.

Men who know the least always argue
the most.

Our power lies in the strength of our
intentions.

To wake up from a sweet sleep is to
be born again.

A reputation for honor once lost is
lost forever.

The lie of an action is greater than
the lie of a word.

The society of woman is the element
of good manners.

No gift can make rich those that are
poor in wisdom.

"Misery loves company," but can't
bear competition.

Men are like wine—age sours the bad
and betters the good.

It is vain to wish to live long and to
be careless to live well.

Virtue is manhood, and to be without
it man would be no more.

That which is called cynicism is often
only disagreeable truth.

A man who is a poor liar finds it con-
venient to stick to the truth.

To be a big man among big men is
what proves a man's character.

A crowing hen and a cackling rooster
are the poorest kind of poultry.

If we cannot be brilliant without dis-
sembling, let us forever be dull.

Luck is a cool thing to depend upon
if you have no desire to succeed.

The world looks at what a man does,
but God looks at what he means.

He who wishes to secure the good of
others has already secured his own.

He who presents the good man
makes war against himself and all man-
kind.

If you think nobody cares for you
just stand up in a front seat at the cir-
cus.

People who are given to laying up
grudges seldom accumulate much
else.

Expectation is the child of Hope, and,
like its parent, is an arrogant brat.

No matter if you are hidden in an
obscure post, never content yourself
with doing your second best, however
unimportant the occasion.

Compassion will cure more sins than
condemnation.

In a world of shams even a picture-
esque liar has his place.

Humility is so rare that it usually
gets called mean-spiritedness.

The necessity of circumstances proves
friends and detects enemies.

The love that gives all and asks nothing
will never die of satiety.

Nature makes no vagabonds; the
world makes us respectable.

The happiness of love is in action; its
test is what one is willing to do for others.

As a rule, the less folly a man is
coursed with the more he dreads his own
foolishness.

Take time to deliberate, but when
the time for action arrives, stop think-
ing and go in.

He who determines to love only those
who are faultless will soon find himself
a one.

People generally despise where they
flatter and cringe to those they would
overtop.

Let your zeal begin with yourself,
then you may with justice extend it to
your neighbor.

If a man has nothing to say, he is
sure to take much time and use many
words in saying it.

If tombstones were always reliable
the devil would soon be willing to put
out his fire and quit.

There are just two kinds of people in
the world—those who are right and
those who are wrong.

My friend, you may be more cunning
than most men, but you are not more
cunning than all men.

The world is in our eyes, not objec-
tive, but subjective. You see what is
in you, not what is out of you.

The man who loves himself does not
make his wife half so jealous as the man
who is his own worst enemy.

It's a mighty cowardly man who
hasn't the courage to advise another
with the toothache to have it yanked
out.

Men may be just as willing to hate
you for your virtues as for your faults,
but they seldom have the same oppor-
tunities.

What a blessed thing it is that we
can't see ourselves as others see us.
The sight would take all the starch out
of us.

If we cannot excite, or interest, or
amuse others without being unjust, let
us be content to be tedious and com-
mon-place.

The