THE HERALD.

BY BATEMAN & McDONALD.

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WHY GIRLS WILL WED.

She rose at the early daybreak,
With a sick and aching head,
And she said—this cross little woman
"I wonder why girls will wed!
They wouldn't, I'm sure, if they reckoned
The things that a wife must bear:
The never-done work of a household,
The never-done Mother care.

"Six dozen pieces to wash to-day,
And the children must go to school,
And every one knows on washing days
Baby is cross as a rule:
And Bridget is new to the work yet.
(Oh dear, how my head does ache!)
Yet, I shall have the dinner to cook,
And all of the beds to make."

But as soon as breakfast was ready,
Father came in from the yard;
He kissed the sick little mother,
"Was sure that her work was hard."
He said to the noisy boys: "Be still!
Your mother's not well to-day;"
And when he bid her "good-by," he wished
He "could kiss the pain away."

And the coffee or kiss—which was it?—
Healed like a magical charm;
The spirit of diligent gladness
Was everywhere on the farm.
The father worked hard at the plowing,
The mother forgot her pain,
Bridget did well with her washing,
There wasn't a drop of rain.

The baking and cleaning were over
When the boys came home from school;
Baby forgot it was washing-day,
And pleasantly broke his rule;
And at night the house was clean and bright,
There was not a thing amiss.
"'Tis only a wife," the father thought,
"Would do as much for a kiss."

And the wife, sitting down in the fire-light
The baby asleep at her side,
Her husband chatting, and watching her
With a husband's loving pride,
Thought much of her full and pleasant home,
Of her children asleep in bed;
And said, with a sweet, contented laugh:
"No wonder that girls will wed!"

—*Lillie E. Barr, in N. Y. Ledger.*

ROBIN Y REE.

Hark! there it was again, that strange melody floating over the silent sea and moorland and falling on the ear as softly as thistledown. It was one of the old songs of the country, perhaps sung by some fisherman as he walked homeward through the Autumn twilight with his empty creel on his back and money in his pocket. The singer was invisible, but the words were these:

"Red top-knots and ribbons of green thou'lt wear,
If, sweet little Betsy, with me thou'lt pair,
Robin the King, Robin the King ridlan."

The prevailing stillness made it difficult to say whether the words came from far or near. The breeze was too slight to stir the bracken, and the peat-smoke hung in motionless wreaths over the cottage chimneys in the glen, and the clouds of tiny butterflies, that had flitted over the gorse and heather during the day-time had mysteriously vanished at sunset. The conies were awake, no doubt, but they prudently kept out of sight. The curlews were asleep among the turnips, the gray plover were away on the hillside, and down yonder among the cliffs the gulls and gannets and guillemots were standing in long white rows.

But if the solemn night was voiceless, it had a wonderful charm of its own, though the moon was yet to emerge like some gilded dragon-fly from its slumbers beneath the waters. The air was laden with the freshness of the sea and the perfume of the moorland flowers; the sky was a deep undappled blue, to which the countless stars hidden in its dome imparted a vastness immeasurably greater than that of the sunlit day; immediately overhead lay Yn Rhad Mooar Ree Ghorree, the Great Road by which King Orry brought his yellow-bearded Norsemen to the coast of Man; and at its northern extremity a pinkish glow was now advancing and now receding, afraid of invading the realm of night, yet unwilling to leave a scene of so much beauty. Away to the south, beyond a great sweep of tranquil water, broken only by the spear-points of the stars, a dense mist was winding around the bays and headlands, and as it drew aside for a moment there came from its midst the bright flash of a light-house; but elsewhere the atmosphere was so clear that the rocks stood out in bold relief, their shadows assuming all manner of fantastic shapes.

In the background the hills cut into the blue sky like a row of enormous shark's teeth, and after sweeping past fields of corn and clover, with many a cozy little homestead nestling among the trees, they at last arrived at this wild spot where gorse and heather and bracken tumbled into a deep glen, and then spread out on either hand into a sheet of gold and brown and purple, studded with an occasional boulder, as if to prevent the wind blowing it away. A couple of hundred yards further down the moorland terminated suddenly in a perpendicular wall of schist that dropped into the sea many hundred feet below, but parted in the center as if it had been cleft with a mighty hatchet. A few thatched, whitewashed cottages crouched upon the sides of the glen, for the wind sometimes blew such a shrill blast down that narrow channel that it was necessary to take advantage of the little shelter to be found there. In the ferny depths there was a glisten of silver, and a keen ear might have detected the babble of the brook as it hurried seaward.

Except for the invisible singer, the whole world seemed to be asleep, and the stars looked down upon an unbroken solitude. Presently the voice went on:

"Red top-knots and ribbons of black thou'l wear;
I'll make thee Queen of the May, I swear,
Robin the king, Robin the king ridlan."

The words had scarcely died away when two figures mounted the steep side of the glen and slowly made their way toward the cliffs. The one was a tall, handsome, well-dressed man with a brown beard; the other a woman, young and beautiful. He was the first to break the silence.

"Elsie, I've been thinking—thinking very seriously of asking you to marry me."

"Me marry you?" She had stopped suddenly to stare at him, her dark eyes brimful of astonishment, a warm flush on her brown cheeks, which were partly shaded by long, back hair, flowing around her shapely shoulders, and her hands clasped in front of her. Standing there in the midst of the heather, she looked like a startled fawn. "Me marry you, Mr. Graham!" she repeated, weighing out the words one by one as if to get at their meaning that way.

"You shouldn't say 'Me marry you!'" he said with a slight shiver. "You should say, 'I marry you.' And it would be nicer if you were to substitute Robin for Mr. Graham, which has an abominably formal sound between such great friends of quite two months' standing. Thus corrected the sentence runs, 'I marry you, Robin!' to which Robin replies, 'Why not?'"

It is doubtful whether she fully appreciated this singular mixture of teaching and wooing; indeed, it is doubtful whether she even understood it.

"'Tis only a poor fisher girl I am," she answered, "and 'tis you that are a grand gentleman, with money and lands and houses, so the neighbors tell me. Oh, but it would be a strange thing for me to marry you, Mr. Graham."

Woman-like, she glanced from his fine clothes to her own humble garb—a coarse gray dress of home-spun wool, a blue shawl crossed over her breast and fastened at her waist, and a kind of sun-bonnet. In this respect the disparity between them was sufficiently obvious, though it would have been hard to match the girl's graceful figure or beautiful face.

"I am not acting in haste to repent at leisure," said Robin Graham, with deliberation. "Some arguments may be used against our marriage, I admit; but as they all spring from an accident—the accident of birth—they can be easily brushed aside. And then, Elsie, the sacrifice won't be altogether on my side. Oh, no! you'll have something to give up, too. You see, I've thought the matter well over."

He paused and looked at her, as if he had asked her a question; but she was too astonished to speak; this wonderful thing that he wished her to marry him, quite stupefied her. So he went on:

"Fine ladies are all very well for a time, but a man gets tired of them—tired of their fine feathers, and their fine speeches, and their fine ways. That sort of thing is taking in the show-room, but inexpressibly wearisome in the house. There's not an ounce of sincerity in a ton of such stuff. No, there is nothing like a quiet, domestic life; a pleasant, humdrum husband, and a cheerful, chatty wife to make tea and sew on buttons, and do things generally. You could manage that, Elsie?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Graham," she exclaimed, her dark eyes wide-open with surprise; "and I'm thinking old Kitty Corkill could do that for you." The words touched rather a discordant note, but the voice was singularly sweet, having learned its cadences from the winds and waves.

"Well, well; never mind about Kitty Corkill. She is old and ugly, and you are neither the one nor the other. Which is it to be, Elsie, yes or no?"

And now from across the heather came the last sad words of the song, but so softly that neither of these two heard it:

"Oh, sweet little Betsy, thou'rt breaking my heart,
Courting Robin the King they say thou art,
Robin the King, Robin the King ridlan."

When the invisible singer ceased the dark hills seemed to grow darker and a gloom to fall over the undulating moorland and the wide sea beyond, though the sky still remained starry and cloudless. Elsie, perceiving that the "merry dancers" had vanished, could not repress a little shudder, but she was soon absorbed in the contemplation of the bright prospect suddenly opened out before her.

She was a beautiful picture of fairyland, for it was quite impossible to imagine its existence in real life. Wild hilly coast scenery is fruitful in marvels; but set a man down in the middle of a plain and he would suppose the earth to be flat, and life a monotonous level track along it. Here in this lonely glen, the whole air was full of mystery; the tales that the old folks told around their cottage-fires after nightfall were of things and beings invisible to dull citizens. There was Ben Varrey, the mermaid, who, before every great festival, imparted to her jewels new brilliancy by setting them in the wave-tops, and there they might be seen flashing in the sunlight, while the syrens sang bewitching melodies to entice mortals away from them. Who had not heard of the splendid city, with its gilded towers and minarets, which that mighty magician, Fin MacCoul, had sunk beneath the waves off Port Soderic? Though he had transformed its inhabitants into blocks of granite, yet curiously enough they were summoned to church regularly every Sunday, for the sailors often heard the tinkling of the bell; and the whole island rose to the surface once every seven years, and would remain above water if only one could see it and lay a Bible upon it. And beneath Castle Rushen was there not a wonderful race of giants, who drank out of golden goblets and wore magnificent clothes, and whose suburban retreat was illuminated by a reckless profusion of wax candles? This was incontestable, for an adventuresome mortal had interviewed one of them, and the giant, after asking how things were going on in the upper regions, had crushed up a plowshare as easily as if it had been a filbert, and then said pleasantly: "There are still men in the Isle of Man." Why, Elsie had seen with her own eyes in Kirk Malew a chalice which had been carried off from an elfin banquet. And with such wonders she had to fashion her picture.

First of all, there was to be a house twice as large as her father's thatched cottage in the glen; the crockery on the dresser was to be replaced by silver plates, like those used for collecting in churches on grand occasions; the brass candlesticks upon the mantelpiece were to make way for gold ones; the stone floor would be hidden beneath a gorgeous carpet; the deal tables and chairs must go—something of wood, like the old Dutch clock, would look better; outside there should be a handsome porch and a garden, and geraniums in the window, and no split congers hanging against the walls; and in the midst of all this grandeur would be Elsie herself, dressed in silk and bedecked with jewels, like Ben Varrey, and do nothing all day long but sitting in an arm-chair and ordering her servants about. As this splendid vision passed through her brain her dark eyes flashed with delight, and half-unconsciously she swept the long black hair from her beautiful face to make herself look more like the Vicar's daughter, whose hair was fastened behind.

Herrings for dinner to-day; herrings yesterday; herrings to-morrow. There would be no more herrings, thought Elsie; the barrel would vanish from the corner of the room, and, instead, she would dine upon bacon and beef and delicacies of every kind. Good-bye to amylass (butter-milk and water), sollaghan (a kind of porridge), braghtan (a sandwich of buttered oatcake, potatoes and herring), and binjean (curds); instead of these she would fare as if every day were a Sunday school feast, and she would have plenty of jough (beer) for her father and the neighbors. Oh, yes, her enjoyment was not to be wholly selfish. There was to be a chair for her father by the chimney-corner, and tobacco in plenty, and he was to sit there and smoke from morning till night; and her neighbors were to come in for some share of her comforts. For some, she would purchase their winter stock of herrings; for others, she would pay men to cut and stack their peat; and for others, whose nets had been carried away, she would buy new ones. You see, Elsie's notion of paradise was smiling idleness, tempered by a little well-directed kindness.

It would be interesting to learn how many have noticed a singular omission from her reflections. Among the fair sex probably not one. The idea of love for the man who had asked her to marry him had never entered Elsie's head. She regarded him as a convenient sort of fairy who could supply her with an illimitable number of good things; and this stirred her fancy rather than her avarice, as it would have done with better educated girls. Robin Graham was too high above her for her to think of loving him; she might have worshiped him, but love him—no, that was quite impossible. She felt that he belonged to some entirely different order of beings from herself; and, though he was well fitted to be the center ornament of the magnificent scene she had depicted, she could not bring herself to think of him as a flesh-and-blood husband.

But in all this golden amber it must be confessed that there was a very inappropriate fly, Joe Quilliam by name, and the question was not how did he get there, but how to get him out. He was a plain, simple-minded fisherman, a good deal older than Elsie, but without doubt desperately in love with her. There was no actual pledge between them. His natural bashfulness had prevented him from declaring himself, and he had not been goaded into doing so by the hateful presence of a rival; while she had had no need to question her own heart—a species of catechism that the dilatory fair sex seldom resorts to until the last moment. Probably she was, as she believed, heart-whole, for this curious organ is very like a "Rupert's drop"—hard and obdurate as iron until it is touched upon one particular spot, when it undergoes a sudden and irreparable transformation. In Elsie's case this catastrophe had not yet happened. She had listened attentively to all that the fisherman had to say, and she had occasionally chaffed him about his want of success with the lobsters or the congers; but this surely is not a very advanced stage of love-making, and, beyond accepting a few bright ribbons from him last Hollandtide Eve, she had given him no definite encouragement.

So far, all well and good. But, unfortunately, Joe Quilliam was rather a hot-tempered fellow, with a disagreeable plain way of speaking his mind, and there was no knowing what he might do or say when he heard that she was going to marry the fine gentleman, Robin Graham. It may appear strange that she should consider him in this matter at all, but she did; she even tried to devise some scheme for benefitting him. This unreasonable fellow would be angry, she knew; he would refuse to take anything at her hands; he might even refuse to speak to her. There really seemed no way of managing him. What was she to do?

By this time they had reached the end of the moorland. They had walked in silence through the heather and were now standing upon one of the great, black headlands that flanked the entrance to the glen, where the rivulet widened and ran smoothly over the glistening sand to meet the wavelets. Close beside them, and upon the very verge of the cliffs, a large bowlder was poised so that it seemed as if the slightest touch would hurl it into the water many hundred feet below. It had been deeply cut and furrowed by icebergs, but the ferns and lichens growing thickly upon it gave it a rounded appearance in the twilight, though there was a sharply defined shadow at its further side. The rocky ledges upon the face of the perpendicular cliff were white with sea-birds, and a drowsy murmur came up from the caverns at its base. Away among the bracken in the glen there might occasionally be seen a gleam from some cottage window, but not often, for the lights are carefully guarded by the fisher folk along the coast, lest they should lure an unwary vessel to destruction. Not a moving thing was in sight; not even a ship upon that peaceful sea. The light-house had long disappeared in the gathering mist toward the south. But at such a time, when all is lifeless, inanimate objects have a strange way of becoming life-like; the winds acquire human speech, and the stars sight, and the very hills bend forward in an attitude of anxious watching and listening. In Elsie's case this feeling was so strong that she drew a little nearer to Robin for protection.

"Well, Elsie, will you marry me?" he asked, taking both her hands in his and looking straight into her eyes.

"—I don't know."

Surely the shadow on the further side of the bowlder started. And it might have been the wind, or it might have been fancy, but there certainly seemed to be sighed out in a low voice full of such mourful pathos:

"Oh sweet little Betsy, thou'rt breaking my heart;
Courting Robin the King, they say thou art."

Both were too engaged to notice this singular phenomenon; Indeed, Robin Graham was rather staggered at Elsie's answer.

"You don't know!" he exclaimed, in an aggrieved tone. "Come, Else, what do you mean? You know I'm very fond of you, and I hoped you were fond enough of me to marry me; but, if you're not—well, I've made a mistake, that's all."

"Listen—oh listen, Mr. Graham," she cried in sudden terror.

"Merely a rabbit."

"Oh, but it's no rabbit. It's the boagane that's about, I'm sure. Let's away! Oh! do! let's make haste back, for its neither a bollan cross nor a dreain's feather that I have."

"You really must get rid of such notions," said Robin, who felt keenly that ignorance in a wife would be bad enough, but that superstition would be quite unbearable. "At your age, Elsie, you ought to know that boganes are 'gone extinct;' civilization has drowned them, every one; in fact, they never existed anywhere but in the imaginations of silly old wom—— I mean, of those who didn't know any better. And how on earth could a miserable fishbone or a wren's feather protect you from harm? It's sheer nonsense. Oh, I'm not blaming you, but those who put such folly into your innocent head: they ought to be ashamed of themselves."

She was more astonished now than when he had asked her to marry him, and in her indignation she forgot all about the sound that had startled her. Drawing her hands away from him, she stepped back a little, and, with her dark eyes flashing and her head thrown back, she looked more like a beautiful Queen than a simple fisher girl. The feeling which bids us cherish what our fathers have cherished is akin to parental instinct; it was very strong in Elsie. What did this stranger mean by saying that there were no such things as boaganes, when their existence was known to persons of the meanest intelligence, even to Black Bailey, the idiot. The ignorance of the man was pitiful! Why, the Phynnoderee was a well-known character in Rushen, where he mowed hay-fields and corn-fields, and sometimes tossed bowlders about by way of a change, and the boulders might be seen as proof positive of his existence. Was not the specter-hound seen nightly in Peel Castle? And was it not matter of notoriety that "Dame Eleanor Cobham, Gloucester's wife," haunted the same place? But there was no need to go beyond the glen itself; it was full of goblins. The waterbull, the glashtyn and the nightsteed had been seen by many old enough to believe their own eyes; and, as for the horrible groans of these noisy spirits, on a Winter's night it was not safe to go out of doors—at any rate, without protection of a chaplet of bollan-feailleoin. And yet this stranger had the impudence to say that it was all nonsense, that boaganes were a myth!

"Oh, but I've heard them, Mr. Graham," said Elsie.

"You heard the wind, Elsie."

"And I've seen them, too."

"You thought so, Elsie, but you were wrong. You could not see what does not exist."

"It's all very well for you as hasn't seen them to say they don't exist; but it's other people that have seen them, and they know that there are boaganes everywhere."

Here was an awkward stumbling-block. To marry a woman who believed in goblins did seem outrageous. Every night she might be putting out bowls of water for them to drink, and laying dust on the floor to observe their footsteps in the morning, and then brushing it carefully from the door towards the hearth lest a whole household of good luck should be swept away. There would be no doing anything for fear of offending these ridiculous spirits.

Robin Graham had decided upon attempting a very dangerous thing—nothing more or less than an experiment in matrimony. He really had become somewhat tired of the trammels and ways of the society in which his life had been spent, and he had grown so fond of Elsie that he had determined to marry and educate her. The same thing had been done before; why not again? About three months before this time he had come to the glen for the purpose of fishing, and he had taken and furnished a picturesque little cottage. He had been thrown much in Elsie's company; she had helped him with his boat and his lines, and she had shown him the best places to go for cod and whiting and mackerel. In this way their acquaintance had progressed rapidly until it had reached the present stage. He was sure that she was good and beautiful; what more could he want in a wife? Of course, it would be useless to think of raising her to his level; it would be equally useless to think of descending to hers; but surely somewhere between there must exist a platform on which they could meet on equal terms. Compromise is the very essence of a happy married life; Robin Graham had resolved to put this principle into practice without delay. He had studied the simple habits of the people about, and he was convinced that the thing was practicable, though perhaps not without some little friction at first. This evening, however, two or three trifles, such as Elsie's grammar, had jarred rather painfully upon his susceptibilities, but nothing so much as this revelation about her superstition. She had displayed, too, an unexpected amount of obstinacy; in the interest of her education this had to be eradicated at once.

"Elsie, your charms would be just as useful to you as a straw to a drowning man. Such notions are out of date; they belong to the days of witchcraft and nonsense. I assure you they would make you ridiculous in soci—among educated people. And as for these preposterous boaganes, you must give up believing in them—you really must. There never were such things, and I'll prove it to you."

Though he had adopted the foolish device of trying to strengthen his case by a mere assertion, Elsie was so strong in her convictions that she refrained from attacking him at his weak point. She said, simply: "It's Joe Quilliam that has told me about them many a time. Oh, and I believe him, too."

"What can an ignorant fisherman know about such matters?"

"Or an ignorant fisher girl either, Mr. Graham?"

This harsh classification of his intended wife with an awkward common lout of a fisherman was exceedingly objectionable. Like many others, he considered himself vastly superior to every woman in his own rank of life, but he looked upon the women on a lower rung of the social ladder as much superior to the men. Somehow or other these two opinions had never been brought into juxtaposition in his own mind; if they had been, perhaps he might have been able to reconcile them, conflicting though they seem. The very idea that this beautiful girl belonged to the same class as that rough fellow, Joe Quilliam, was enough to make one shudder. Robin Graham hastened to repudiate it.

"Joe Quilliam is all very well in his way, no doubt," he said; "but—"

The shadow emerged from the far side of the bowlder, and took the shape of a tall, powerful-looking fisherman, in knee boots and a blue guernsey. He had a pleasant, open face, though its expression was half sad and half angry as he advanced toward the couple on the edge of the cliff.

"You here, Joe?" exclaimed Elsie, in evident alarm. Even this annoyed Robin.

"What does it matter?" he asked. "Listeners never hear any good of themselves, and Quilliam is no exception to the rule."

"Aw, I'm here plainly enough, an' you may say I came to listen if it suits you, Mr. Graham," said Quilliam; "but this I know, that it wasn't my own doin' at all, an' I thought it better to keep quiet than to be disturbin' Elsie by sneakin' off—anyway, until you began for to speak o' me, and then it was best to come out for sure."

Elsie gave him a timid little smile of thanks.

"That was very thoughtful of you, Joe," she murmured.

"And now I want to come to a plain un-'erstan'in' with you, Elsie," Quilliam went on. "It's not for me to deny that I haven't heard what you've been sayin' between yourselves, for I have—an' its vexed me more than enough. An' first of all let me have my say about the boaganes, which this learned gentleman here comin' from England where they know so much, though they live in towns for all that, says is all nonsense. Tut! any fool with eyes and ears in his head—and that's not much to ask him, I reckon—could talk of boaganes that he has heard—aye, an' seen, too, by the hundred. It's only this very night—an' it's solemn truth I'm tellin' you—as I sat watchin' for the Mary Jane, which is about due, I saw a great black thing rear itself out of the water just inside o' the tideway yonner, an' it looked aroun' an' gave a ter'ble moan, an' then sank again, an' I saw no more of it; an' on'y for my bollan cross here, I'd ha' run for the glen, for it was somethin' dreadful."

This horrible picture wrought upon Elsie's imagination to such an extent that she uttered a slight scream, whereupon the fisherman, hastily disengaging the fishbone that was tied round his neck, handed it to Elsie, who took it eagerly. He shot a triumphant glance at Robin, but Robin was unequal to the occasion—he could only laugh contemptuously. To put himself in opposition to this ignorant fellow, and run the risk of failure, was what he wished to avoid at all hazards; unfortunately, however, it was forced upon him in a very unpleasant way.

"May be, you'll remember last Hollantide Eve, Elsie," continued Quilliam. "Anyway those ribbons round your neck will help bring it to your mind. It was for a pledge that I gave them to you, though I am so stupid at talkin' that I hold my tongue foolishly. Surely, Elsie, you knew I was madly fond of you, and your sweet face, and your pretty ways—surely, surely. Aw, but it's a poor, plain, awkward fellow that I am to think of such as you; an' likely enough if it hadn't been for the ould proverb, 'Black as the raven is, he'll find a mate,' which I kept repeatin' and repeatin' to myself continually, I would never have foun' the courage to look up to you, beautiful thing that you are. There's one here, though, that's not so backward at all; an' now the question is, which is it to be? for one or the other it must be, an' it's for you to decide this very night. Heaven help thee, my Elsie! an' Heaven help me, too, if you turn your back upon me this night; but if so be—well, I'll take ship in some ocean-goin' vessel, an' never trouble you more, so you needn't fear at all, but just give your answer straight."

And he stood like a soldier on parade, though the quivering about his mouth looked strangely pathetic in that brown, weather-worn face.

Here was a horrible catastrophe! It had been a lovely picture: Elsie with her pretty face and dark eyes and flowing black hair, with the still water glistening at the base of the bluff precipice whitened with sea-birds, and the heather all around her, and the stars shining overhead, and the rivulet deep down in the ferny glen. And suddenly there had come into it a discordant element, the rudely-clad fellow with his awkward speech and ungainly ways, and all its beauty had vanished. Robin Grahan was at once disgusted and indignant; disgusted at being brought into rivalry with a rough fisherman, indignant at this fisherman's impertinence in aspiring to Elsie's hand, and in placing him in such an undignified position. It is needless to say that this last consideration had the most weight with him. But how was he to extricate himself from this unpleasant dilemma? That he and Joe Quilliam should be matched against one another for Elsie's hand would be a lifelong disgrace, even should he prove successful; to be rejected in the presence of his humble rival would be simply intolerable; and to withdraw from this disagreeable contest would be construed into an acknowledgment of defeat. Clearly, he could neither advance nor retreat, nor even remain where he was without encountering disaster. It was difficult to discover the least of the evils presented for his selection.

Meanwhile, Elsie stood silent between the two men. Holding the bollan cross in her hand, she kept glancing from one to the other, and then down into the picturesque glen where she had spent her simple life among the bracken and the heather and the gorse. There were boaganes there, no doubt, for they loved the peat-smoke and the moorland flowers, and they revel in the babbling brook and the sparkling waves. There her father lived and there her grandfather had lived, and her ancestors for many centuries, and if their lives had been uneventful except for the perils of the sea, they had not been unhappy. Was she to break away from all these old traditions and become a great lady? or was she to continue in the peaceful groove that had been so pleasant to her fathers? Which of these two? Oh, that some fairy would help her in this distresssing situation!

No sooner had she conceived this wish than there was a swift rush of something black through the air. It was immediately followed by the pitiful squeal of some creature in agony. They all turned, and saw on a hillock, a few yards distant, a young rabbit in the clutch of a hawk, which had swooped down upon the overventuresome little ball of wool before it could take refuge in its burrow. Robin Graham regarded the scene with curiosity. It was new to him, and he was wondering whether the hawk would proceed to devour its prey then and there, or whether it would carry it off bodily in its talons. But Elsie was deeply moved.

"Oh, do save the poor little thing!" she cried.

Pride kept Robin motionless; even now he was determined to hold aloof from any appearance of rivalry. But three rapid strides carried the fisherman to the spot. The great bird relinquished its prey and rose slowly in the air; while, apparently none the worse for its adventure, the rabbit scampered off and tumbled into its hole.

"Ole vie (Good night), Mr. Graham," said Elsie, in her stateliest manner. Her use of the Maux expression made her meaning sufficiently clear. Without another word she walked across to Joe Quilliam and put her hand in his and together they went away through the heather and vanished in the glen.

As for Robin Graham, the lesson was useful, though galling in the extreme. Sitting alone upon the cliff, he thought the matter over, and at length admitted that worse might have befallen him. But it was decidedly unpleasant to hear the voice of his successful rival ringing out merrily in the distance:

"Red top-knots and ribbons of black thou'lt wear:
I'll make the Queen of the May, I swear,
Robin y Ree, Robin ye Ree ridlan."

—*All the Year Round.*

Parotitis or Mumps.

The disease technically termed parotitis and familiarily known as mumps, is a swelling of the parotid glands. It is a contagious disease, more common among children than among grown people, and yet grown people who have never had it are liable to take it. The swelling is usually on both sides, but sometimes confined to one side.

As is well known by every student of physiology the first stage of digestion, viz., mastication, takes place in the mouth, where the food is ground by the teeth and moistened with saliva from the salivary glands.

These glands, which discharge the saliva, are six in number, viz., the sublingual, situated at the base of the tongue in the front of the mouth; the submaxillary, under the cheeks; and the parotid, which are at the back part of the mouth and jaw, nearest to the ears. These last are the glands that are inflamed in this disease.

Dr. J. W. Draper, professor in the University of New York, says: "The parotid saliva is thin and watery, limpid and colorless, inodorous and tasteless." It is not, however, as might at first appear from this description, pure water, for he goes on to say that it contains various alkaline substances, which aid in digestion, such as sulpho-cyanide of potassium, albuminate of soda and a great deal of lime.

The saliva discharged by the parotid glands is much more abundant than that from the other salivary glands, so that when these glands are out of order there is a dryness in the mouth, and both because of this and on account of the swelling and soreness, the patient can only take food in a liquid form. Indeed, the patient often finds it difficult to open the mouth or to swallow. There is usually a good deal of headache and more or less fever, and yet not enough to prevent the sufferer from wishing to be up and dressed.

The important point in this disease is to keep the patient from taking cold, and to keep him as cheerful and comfortable as possible in doors. When the peculiar swelling first makes its appearance, wrap the face in flannel or in warmed cotton batting, carefully avoid all chills and exposure and let the diet be hot gruel, warm teas, that made from sage and catmint being preferable to that made from Chinese herb. Every thing should be done to induce and promote perspiration. If, as is frequently the case, the bowels are constipated, this difficulty must be overcome by suitable means.

In short, all the eliminatory organs must be set to work, that the system may be freed from all impurities, and if this can be accomplished without the aid of medicine, so much the better. This will tend to relieve the fever and headache. And the next thing to be done is to remove as far as possible all sources of anxiety and keep the sufferer in as cheerful a state of mind as is practicable.

It is a fact that anxiety or grief arrests the flow of saliva, and as we are only hungry when the saliva and gastric juices are flowing, this is the reason why people who suffer mentally lose their appetite. The digestion is dependent to a great degree upon the state of the mind. Anxiety of mind, therefore, by checking the flow of saliva, may be one of the primary or indirect causes of this disease, and the secondary cause is usually taking cold by such exposure as throws a current of cold or damp air upon the jaw. This is on the supposition that the patient has not been exposed to take the disease from another person. For example, a school boy is over anxious about his examinations or his lessons (with the present mischievous, forcing hot-bed system practiced in many of our city schools, it is a wonder so many children live at all) then he is exposed to cold air, being obliged to stand in a current for some minutes, causing the perspiration to be suddenly checked. Next morning his face is swollen at the angle of the jaw, and he has much pain and some fever, yet still feels well enough to go out as usual and probably wants to go to school.

Well will it be if his mother forbids this, and keeps him at home warm and happy for a few days following the advice just given. In this case the disease will probably pass off in about a week or less, without much medicine, if any. But if he goes out as usual, and takes more cold, the chances are that the attack will be very severe.

This remark or prudent caution will also apply to most childish diseases of which I have formerly treated in the *Household*, such as scarlet fever, measles, whooping cough, croup, etc. Not that all these will pass off as harmlessly or as quickly as mumps; but their severity will in all cases be very much mitigated by prudent care at the outset, during the disease, and for some time afterward. In fighting all diseases we must always remember the old motto of the ancients, "discretion is the better part of valor."

In parotitis or mumps, exposure to cold may cause the brain to be so affected as to cause delirium, indeed, in even mild cases the head is very hot and the patient is apt to talk in his sleep in a wandering way. But imprudent exposure to cold often causes the disease to go to some other part of the body, and a skillful physician must be called in to save life. How many doctors' bills might be saved by care and prudence. The "ounce of preventive is worth a pound of cure," always.—*Cor. Household.*

A Ghost.

Judge Andrew Mansette, one of the best known jurists in Arkanaas, after an adjournment of the Historical Society, the other night, related the following story to a party of friends who lingered in the chamber of odd, old manuscripts:

While a young man, I was not looked upon as one of those hard-working, plodding boys who never fail to make a reputation in youth and lose it in manhood. The fact is I was rather wild, and, by certain people whose lives were spent in the straight-jacket of narrow-minded opinion, not regarded as particularly truthful. One or two of our most prominent farmers went so far as to say that I sometimes drank too much, but what quantity in those days was regarded as too much, I was not at that time, and neither am I now, able to determine.

One day I went to town, a little village in the northern part of the State, and yielding to the allurements of metropolitan life, I remained until late in the evening. Night came on shortly after I started home, and with the darkness, a heavy rain. About half way between town and my father's house, stood an old log church, dismal enough in the day, to say nothing of a night like this, but it afforded the only means of shelter from the downpour of rain, I stopped, dismounted and stood in the doorway, holding my bridle reins. I cast my eye around rather nervously and attempted to penetrate the deep gloom of the interior, for although I was not afraid, yet I felt that strange, unspeakable dread which occasions often cause to settle upon the most courageous of men. After awhile, just a vivid flash of lightning lit up the place, I looked around again. Standing near the pulpit, with long hair disheveled, with ghastly face and staring eyes, stood a woman, dressed in robes of flowing white. I was startled, but a moment afterward, when total darkness came again, I persuaded myself that it must have been only a fancy, still I kept my eyes turned back, in dreadful fascination. Another flash. The figure, with arms outstretched, with face of deathly pallor, and with hair streaming in tangled masses, approached slowly down the aisle. I knew that if I ran away and ever told my experience, people would laugh at me, and though by his time I was somewhat frightened, yet I was determined to wait awhile longer and be fully convinced. It was some time before there was another flash, but I stood, gazing intently. The church was again lit with a dazzling glare, and the woman was in a few feet from where I stood, just in the act of throwing her arms around me. My horse snorted and pulled me from the doorway. There was no longer any mistake, and, though this may have been a fancy, my hair pushed my hat off. Anyway, the hat fell, and too terrified to regain it, I sprang upon my horse and dashed away, letting the animal out, as the saying is, How I dashed over logs and among trees without being killed is a wonder, but reaching the road the horse seemed to fly. About three miles from the church lived old Mr. Gantling, with whom I was acquainted, and reaching his house, I dismounted, hitched my horse and almost burst into the room. The old gentleman had not gone to bed, and seeing me bareheaded and doubtless noticing my fright, he started up and exclaimed:

"Why, Andrew, what in the world is the matter?"

"I've seen a ghost."

"What!" with surprise, for he knew that I was not given to superstition. "Have seen a ghost?"

"Yes, sir; at the old church." I then related my experience, during which recital the family gathered around me.

"That was certainly very strange," said the old man when I had finished, "but are you certain that it was not a fancy?"

"I would bet my life on its being a fact. It was a ghost just as sure as you live."

"Well, let's put up your horse. Stay all night, and in the morning, we'll go and investigate."

I couldn't sleep. Every time I succeeded in persuading myself into a doze, that face, with its startling eyes, unearthly expression and deathly complexion, came up before me. No one ever welcomed the sunlight more than I did that morning, and yet I dreaded to go back to the church.

After breakfast, partaken of heartily by every one but me, the old gentleman and I mounted our horses and proceeded toward the church. I must have presented a comical appearance, for I wore a child's hat above an agitated expression. My hat had not fallen off where I thought it had, or perhaps the wind might have blown it, but we found it in the road, almost covered with the damp earth, which the heavy rain had beaten around it. Just before reaching the church, we met a man who lived in the neighborhood. He seemed greatly distressed. Turning to my companion he said:

"Have you seen anything of my poor, demented daughter? She left home several days ago, although we watched her closely, and has not been heard of since. I could never give my consent for her to be taken to an asylum."

A flash of intelligence, instead of a flash of lightning, now appeared, and Mr. Gantling, turning to me remarked:

"Andrew, she is the ghost you saw in the church last night."

We proceeded to the church, and there behind the pulpit, knelt the poor girl. She had gone crazy on the subject of religion. If my freight had not been thus explained, no reasoning, even unto this day, could have convinced me that I had not seen a ghost.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

—A new plan of dividing the year is proposed by Dr. Theodore Dimon, of Auburn, N. Y., who says it should begin with March 1, the beginning of spring. This, he argues, would bring our artificial "civic" year, so-called, into harmony with the year of nature. It would begin its "March" with the awakening of plant life; September, October, November and December would, in reality, be the seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth months; and the year would come to a close with February, which would become with more reason what its meaning indicates—a time for expiation.